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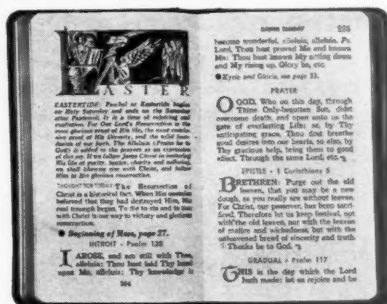
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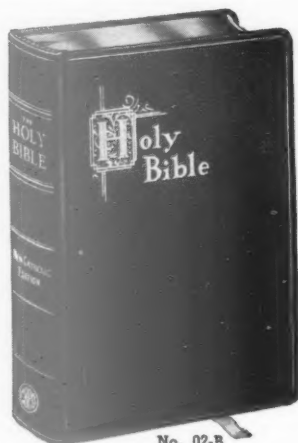
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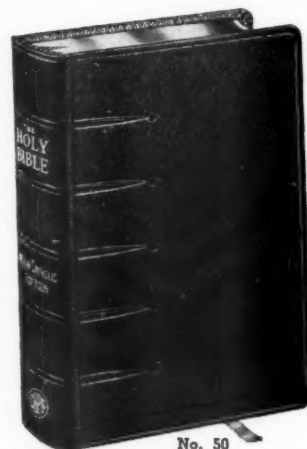
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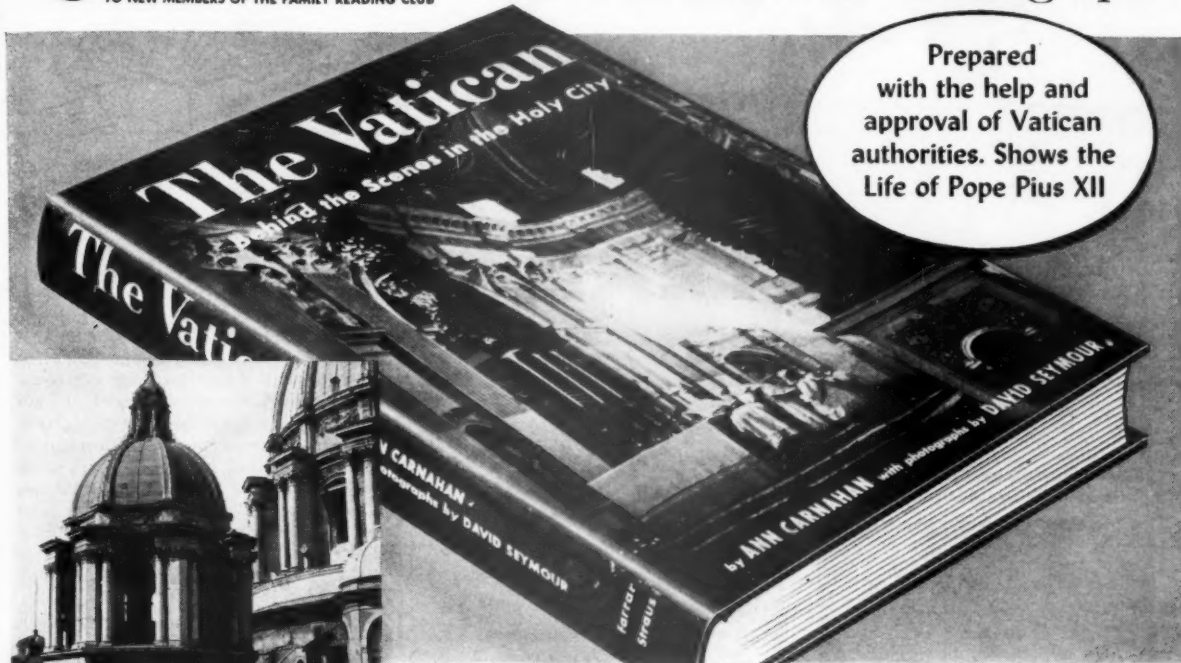
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LETTERS



"Inside Pegler"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reference is made to an article appearing in *THE SIGN* (February issue) captioned "Inside Pegler" by William J. Smith, S.J. on which I wish to comment and congratulate you. It is about time that an editor with spinal fortitude take issue with this vindictive writer, Pegler. I have read many of his vitriolic articles with disgust and have come to the conclusion that he is obsessed with a one-track mind which is poisoned and seems to take special delight in disparaging any one who tries to benefit, uplift, or help the "little fellow."

ALPHONSE J. HASS

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For some time Rev. William J. Smith, S.J. has been sniping at Westbrook Pegler, and in the February issue you open your pages to an article by him, about as vituperative as Peg himself could indite.

I wonder if these labor union priest columnists, the Smiths, the Masseys, the McGowans, the late Monsignor Ryan, *et. al.*, are at all conscious of the deep and growing rift between them and the laity, who take a realistic view of the growing menace of labor unions. All these columnists live in non-industrial cities like New York and Washington.

As for the encyclicals which are constantly being quoted, would not the Holy Father agree that the conditions in most present-day factories meet his requirements as to Social Justice.

Like the Bible, these encyclicals are constantly being misquoted. An instance of this is the ad lib quotation by Mrs. O'Toole, on page 79, who lets forth with a lot of billingsgate that is an insult to the scholarly present Pontiff.

MARIE LESLIE SEYMOUR

Detroit, Mich.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I'm sure there are many readers of *THE SIGN* who share my gratitude for Father Smith's article regarding Westbrook Pegler. I've always wondered how he got that way and have vainly searched his bitterly biased columns for a clue.

Father Smith unduly contributed to his maniacal ego by alluding to him as a "good journalist" and a "digger of facts,"

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The Sign

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1950

EDITOR'S PAGE

Moscow and Munich

THE current agitation for top-level negotiations with Stalin reminds one of the period preceding World War II. With this thought in mind, the writer dusted off a book he had read when it was published in 1938. The re-reading was rewarding.

The book is *The Man Who Made the Peace*, a biography of Neville Chamberlain. It begins with a description of its hero standing on the balcony of Buckingham Palace between the King and Queen, receiving the frenzied plaudits of the crowd on his return from Munich with "peace in our time."

The book concludes with the following moral: "For the first time in history, the voice of the common people of all countries, as the horrible shadow of war darkened their homes, made itself heard, and decisively. A man was found to give it expression and it prevailed—prevailed even at that eleventh hour when the issue had almost passed out of the hands of the politicians, and the military machines in all countries had started on their deadly course. And what has been done once may and will be done again. The people know their power now. The politicians know that it is possible to mobilize opinion for peace as well as for war; and that he who does so effectively is assured of a triumph such as no military conqueror can win, be his victories never so great."

That makes rather pitiful nonsense today in view of the fact that less than a year later Hitler struck, and a new world war engulfed Europe.

This was a lesson we thought we would never forget. The very word "Munich" passed into the language as a synonym for appeasement and diplomatic surrender. And now there is danger that we may soon go back to Munich. Voices are raised—important voices—urging new approaches to Moscow, further top-level negotiations with Stalin. Moscow has been substituted for Munich, but the spirit is the same. There is the same shrinking from responsibility and decision, the same willingness to compromise and appease, the same blind faith that peace can be found and war avoided by constant retreat and surrender, that all we need is to get the men in the striped pants

around the conference table and all will be well.

What is there really to negotiate with Stalin? We know his aims and we should know that they are not negotiable. It should be no secret today that Stalin wants the destruction of religion and democracy, the conquest of the world to Communism, the enslavement of the minds and souls of men, the furthest possible extension of Soviet power as an instrument of world revolution. Everything else that he wants is but a means to these ends. Can we negotiate these aims? Can we sit down and discuss with Stalin how far he may go—with our consent—to secure these ends?

We don't recommend war, but we believe that a cowardly fear of war and a craven spirit of appeasement lead to war rather than to peace. It was the peace-at-any-price mentality of Munich that convinced Hitler that Britain and France would not fight and that therefore he had a green light to proceed with his conquests.

IF Stalin really wants peace, he knows that he can have it, that we sincerely desire it. He knows very well that he can make a peace settlement at any time he wishes. He knows that we have chosen, and that our choice is peace. But if it is war that he wants, then war it will be because, unfortunately, he too can choose.

In the meantime, we should discard the naïve and dangerous view that a top-level conference will clear the air. It will not unless harmony has been reached by prior spade-work on all important issues. Furthermore, agreements mean nothing, (witness Yalta and Potsdam) if one party regards them as a scrap of paper. What we need from Soviet Russia is action, not promises — action that indicates that promises will be fulfilled. No overall understanding would be worth the paper it is written on unless it is the culmination of step-by-step agreements, made and implemented.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme

The latest picture of the Holy Father, taken on his seventy-fourth birthday. He has valiantly ruled the Church in time of war and persecution. We should pray for him every day.



Harris & Ewing

John L. Lewis with aides at the coal hearing in Washington. Defense Sec. Johnson says coal industry is the weakest link in our national defense. Full investigation is needed.

THE social register of America's upper cut is noted for its unaccountable caprice. A brisk, quiet divorce might ban the spirited scion of an industrial fortune in 1950. While a less well-oiled one might ease him back in 1952. Nice young matrons have been denied a listing apparently for being exactly as acceptable as when they were listed. No less fickle is the social register of America's diplomatic circle. Don't try to make any sense out of it. There isn't any.

Excommunicating the Pope

Recently we excommunicated Bulgaria. The Bulgarian people cannot vote Premier Chervenkov out of office in free elections. There are no free elections. They are not allowed to listen to Christian social doctrine in the Orthodox Cathedral of St. Alexander Nevski. The shadow of the secret police pokes into every corner from Sofia to Akhtopol.

But that is not why we decided to turn up an accusing nose at this puppet state that straddles the Balkans. Sure, Bulgaria is totalitarian. But totalitarianism is not the test we apply when we choose our international friends. We have many friends like that.

The reason we dropped Bulgaria is because Bulgaria insulted us up to the point where we had to walk out in order to save face. Our diplomats were accused of complicity in criminal acts for which Bulgarian politicians were executed. We were ordered to recall our ambassador when a recall would have been a confession of official conspiracy in crime. Bulgarian citizens employed at the United States legation were tortured and executed.

Bulgaria smashed all the canons of diplomatic etiquette and plainly picked a fight. So we cut her off.

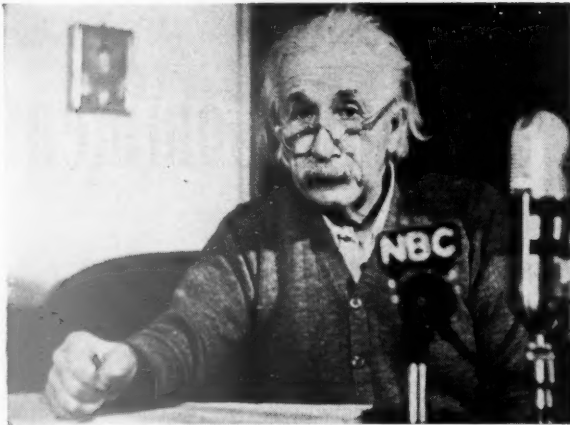
But don't try to draw any conclusions from that. You can't. You can't argue that we are willing to establish diplomatic relations with any nation that will not give us the deal which we got from Bulgaria.

That principle will not explain the Vatican. The Vatican is as sovereign a state as Great Britain, France, or the Netherlands, and has official diplomatic relations with those nations and about forty others. No nation in the world is so punctilious and correct in its diplomatic dealings.

But it has no diplomatic relations with the United States. Officially the Vatican has exactly the same status as Bulgaria.

There is no consistency in this situation. There is, however, a reason for it. The reason is that Protestant leaders are able to dictate certain details of civic policy in the United States.

Protestantism is historically inadequate to meet the requirements of true democracy. Almost three hundred years of civil oppression were needed to enable Protestantism to win out in England. Despite extravagant concessions, it could not win out in France. Bandit princes who wanted the wealth of Catholics put Protestantism across in a great part of Germany. American Protestants have ganged up on



Dr. Albert Einstein bemoans the armament race and claims that we must do away with mutual fear and distrust. It sounds simple, but would he trust a gangster or thug?



Acme Photos

Gerhard Eisler, former darling of our liberals, is planning a Communist youth march on Berlin. Our progressive thinkers will probably call this democratic expression.



Wide World

Henry Wallace, center, wants to get rid of the Red label attached to the Progressive Party. He should know a label signifies contents. Let him start with Party policy.

Catholics whenever the mood overtook them—from the time of the colonial penal laws, through the Know-Nothing days, the A.P.A., the Ku Klux Klan, up to the organized anti-Catholic conspiracy of 1950. By this time, the Jew and the Negro are exempt from public persecution in most sections of the United States. But Catholics can still be kicked around anywhere.

Protestantism dies if it is not accorded political privilege. So it is always seeking privilege. And in seeking it, Protestantism keeps democracy from fulfilling its promise.

Nothing more than that is behind the diplomatic estrangement between the United States and the Vatican. Protestant leaders insist that we follow a discriminatory and inequitable principle of diplomatic representation. They force the United States Government to register an official slap at the Catholics of the United States and the world.

While these leaders have almost no religious influence, they have a great political influence. Every Protestant convention that meets in the United States can declare itself against the Vatican as proper diplomatic company for America. But it cannot declare itself either for or against a thing like mercy killing. On a religious issue, the public must first assert itself. Then these churches will trail after as they did with birth prevention and divorce.

No, our diplomatic register is not exactly dripping with democracy. Because American Protestantism has not yet caught up with democracy or democracy has not yet caught up with American Protestantism.

THE American Association of School Administrators should receive an award—for the most artless exhibition of high-tend cupidity in the month of March. At a meeting in Atlantic City they adopted a resolution.

School Administrators Take A Bow

They said: "We believe the American tradition of separation of church and state should be vigorously and zealously safeguarded. We respect the rights of groups, including religious denominations, to maintain their own schools so long as such schools meet the educational, health, and safety standards defined by the States in which they are located.

"We believe that these schools should be financed entirely by their supporters. We therefore oppose all efforts to devote public funds to either the direct or the indirect support of these schools."

Apart from being awfully dull, that resolution looks as clean and right as the ocean on the other side of the boardwalk. Until you examine it and see what the School Administrators don't want you to see. We are going to rewrite that resolution and make it say exactly what it means: "We respect the rights of groups, including religious denominations, predominantly Catholic, to maintain their own schools so long as such schools meet the educational, health, and safety standards defined by the states in which they are located, and so long as these groups are required to pay also for public school facilities which they do not use.

"We believe that these schools should be financed entirely by their supporters while their supporters are made also to support the public schools. We advocate that any group which exercises its constitutional right to have its own schools, be made to pay double for the education its membership receives. We therefore oppose all efforts to permit funds collected by government from these groups to be applied in any way to the benefit of their own children. This, we believe, is the great American tradition of separation of church and state, which should be vigorously and zealously safeguarded."

Without any of its fine feathers, that is the scrawny little

THE SIGN

resolution which the American Association of School Administrators hatched at Atlantic City.

It was carried by seven thousand votes to two. Executive Secretary of the N.E.A., Dr. Willard Givens, remarked that "the seven thousand-to-two vote speaks for itself." It does. It says that the American Association of School Administrators wants the gravy train all to itself when the public is shelling out funds for education. It is exactly like a politician's making a campaign speech in favor of himself. It speaks for itself all right.

The resolution was reported as the "public funds for public schools" resolution. Which is more diddle. A truly descriptive title would be the "double-standard school tax" resolution.

A final precautionary measure was taken by the Administrators. They wanted Federal aid, but without Federal control.

We don't see any advantage in Federal control either. But the thoroughness of the Administrators gives us a laugh. When they vote themselves a package of the public cash they certainly turn it over and make sure that there are no strings to it.

They don't want a visit from Santa Claus. They want to sign him up.

IN recent weeks Westbrook Pegler, a newspaper columnist, has capered into print on the subject of "labor priests" and unions. He took for text an article of Father William Smith,

S.J., which appeared in THE SIGN for February, a text which nettled him beyond both reason and endurance, a text which literally got under

Pope Pegler I on Labor Unions

his skin. Even men who are not querulous are apt to write more emotionally than thoughtfully when something gets under their skin. Perhaps that is why this columnist pranced into the pulpit to teach Catholics the niceties of what they are or are not to believe in Papal social encyclicals. The whole spectacle has its amusing aspects. But there are other aspects upon which we would be remiss did we not comment.

First of all, the term "labor priests." We do not profess to know who coined this inaccurate and misleading bit of terminology, but we do protest against the use of it. No priests are ordained to serve union labor, any more than priests are ordained to serve members of the National Association of Manufacturers, the farm associations, those who have seats on the Stock Exchange, or those who go down to the sea in ships. Every priest is bid to have an especial regard for Christ's poor, for those who are oppressed economically and socially, but he must never forget that he is ordained for all men. And if some priests give more time and effort and study to ameliorating the conditions of the working classes, this does not make them "labor priests" in the sense in which the term is being used. It no more dispenses them from doing the deeds of justice and charity in the lives of the rich than other priests are dispensed from teaching the Church's social doctrine merely because circumstances of obedience or birth put their lot more nearly in the camp of fortune's godchildren.

More important, however, than the misnomer "labor priests" is Mr. Pegler's endeavor to separate them from their fellow priests, his attempt to separate them from their people by labeling their teaching mere private, even unsanctioned, doctrine. Of them he writes: "They do not speak for their entire cloth nor for the Church nor with clear authority from the Vatican. They only interpret advisory writings of the Popes, which are not dogma, as informed persons know."

One dislikes very much to have to inform a critic who says he is informed. Particularly one who claims to know his sub-



Chiefs of Staff after an inspection tour of the Far East. Why worry about providing troops in that area while our government gives free hand to enemies of our allies?



A Nationalist pilot who flies one of the few battered planes that are protecting what remains of free China. Yet we destroyed thousands of planes while China pleaded for help.



Acme Photos

Madame Chiang Kai-shek visits Nationalist troops. She left our shores disappointed in our refusal to help, but determined to fight on for freedom. We pray that she succeeds.



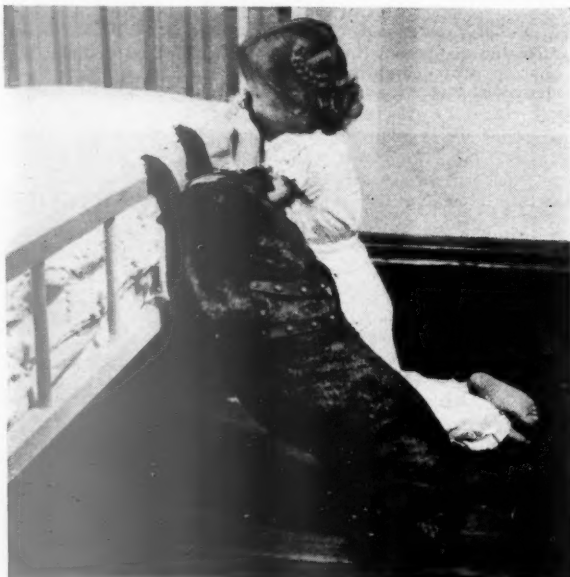
In Poland the Communists opened a museum filled with pictures of Red tyrants, listing their "achievements." An ambiguous word. Even Satan can list "achievements."

Acme



Sen. Tydings (D-Md.) is investigating the charges of Sen. Joseph McCarthy that the State Dept. is filled with Reds. The very suspicion it could be true is a national disgrace.

International



Four-year-old Susan Jensen says her prayers with her dog Terry by her side. Though humorous, it should remind of the need of prayer in this age of the hydrogen bomb.

Wide World

ject well. Unfortunately for this expert, the fact is the Popes have not looked on their social encyclicals as mere advisory writings. For example, Pope Pius XI was well aware of critics of the Church's social doctrine as enunciated by Leo XIII. Referring to *Rerum Novarum*, the encyclical on the condition of workers, Pius XI wrote: "There are some who seem to attach little importance to this Encyclical and to the present anniversary celebration. These men either slander a doctrine of which they are entirely ignorant, or if not unacquainted with this teaching, they betray their failure to understand it, or else if they understand it they lay themselves open to the charge of base injustice and ingratitude." Then before entering into a detailed discussion on the necessity of unions, a living wage, and satisfactory working conditions, the Pope says: "But before proceeding to discuss these problems We lay down the principle long since clearly established by Leo XIII that it is Our right and Our duty to deal authoritatively with social and economic problems. It is not, of course, the function of the Church to lead men to transient and perishable happiness only, but to that which is eternal. Indeed the Church believes that it would be wrong for her to interfere without just cause in such earthly concerns; but she never can relinquish her God-given task of interposing her authority, not indeed in technical matters, for which she has neither the equipment nor the mission, but in all those that have a bearing on moral conduct. For the deposit of truth entrusted to Us by God, and Our weighty office of declaring, interpreting, and urging in season and out of season the entire moral law, demand that both social and economic questions be brought within Our supreme jurisdiction, in so far as they refer to moral issues."

Those who think Mr. Pegler so right in his denunciation of trade unionism and Mr. Pegler himself, who declares ex cathedra that Papal teaching on these matters is only advisory, would do well to ponder these excerpts from *Quadragesimo Anno*, the encyclical on restoring the Christian social order. They would do better to study the encyclical itself, for no private letter nor any collection of excerpts from private letters to Mr. Pegler can ever be quite so authoritative a guide.

MR. PEGLER himself had a golden opportunity last July to do as much as any man to clean up the messes that still exist in American unionism. No one has written more widely and

When Pegler Muffed his Chance

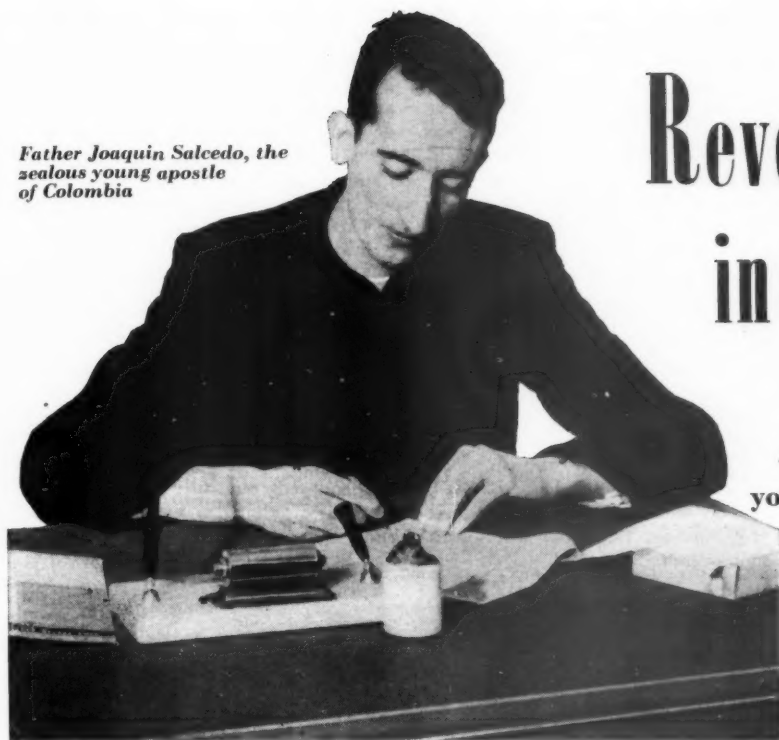
more biting on the abuses within the labor movement. Every American and every Catholic worthy of his heritage is anxious that these writings

lie not fallow, that, if the charges contained in them are true, action follow. Last July, Mr. Pegler had the chance to put his information at the service of a House subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor. The information he claims to possess was precisely the sort of thing they were looking for in their effort to clean up any abuses in unionism. They subpoenaed Mr. Pegler and on July 7 he appeared.

And what happened? Mr. Pegler repeated his oft-written charges of corruption. He bragged he had a "great treasure of information." But when pressed for facts instead of generalities, when asked to give cases instead of indignant tirades, he pleaded that his files were in New York and that anyway he would be betraying confidences were he to cite instances. Whereupon Mr. Pegler's opportunity to give invaluable service to his country and the union victims he pities went by the board.

And so does the chance for greatness come to men, and the chance not taken, men are left like "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion; wandering stars, to whom the star of darkness is reserved forever."

*Father Joaquin Salcedo, the
zealous young apostle
of Colombia*



Revolution in Colombia

An inspiring story of how one
youthful village priest is
educating an entire nation
by means of short-wave radio

by **ALBERT J. NEVINS**

TWO AMERICAN oil prospectors recently were traveling by horseback along a dusty road some hundred miles north of Bogota, Colombia's capital city. As they reached a junction in the trail, they heard a radio blaring forth from behind some bushes. Almost simultaneously each man in amazement halted his horse, for the sound of a radio in this remote and backward mountain region was most unusual. Curious, the men dismounted to investigate. When they had walked around the bushes, they saw a score of people—men, women, and children—squatting Indian-style in a field listening to a battery radio which brought them simple instructions on how to read and write. So intent were the peasants on their lesson that none noticed the intrusion of the strangers.

One of the prospectors, now back in New York City, was asked the other day what had impressed him most during his journeys south of the border. His answer was not the places he had seen—the great modern cities of our neighbors to the south, the awesome Inca ruins, the mighty Andes, or the hundreds of gems of colonial architecture. But his reply was the incident related above, and he told it with the fervor of a new disciple.

"The desire of these simple farming people to learn to read and write, and the unusual way in which they were

doing it," he concluded, "was the most impressive thing I saw in the many thousands of miles I traveled."

The strange sight, so vividly recalled by the oil man, is part of an extraordinary chain of schools which have been set up by a young Colombian priest to combat his nation's high rate of illiteracy.

The man responsible for this modern revolution in Colombia is twenty-seven-year-old Father Joaquin Salcedo, ordained only since 1947. A tall, angular, sharp-featured man with the eyes of a dreamer and the dynamic drive of a practical executive, Father Salcedo has begun in the space of months what the Colombian Government has been trying to do for decades.

"Illiteracy has always been a major problem in South America, and Colombia is no exception," declares a high-ranking member of the Colombian Commission of Inter-American Development. "The upper classes of my country are well-educated and have produced many of the foremost cultural and artistic leaders of the continent. But the poor, which compose the vast majority of our population, must face a life of blindness."

Since 1931 the Colombian Government has been waging a vigorous campaign to overcome illiteracy. In 1934 a law was passed stating that 10 per cent of the national budget had to be

used for education. In the next ten years this appropriation was increased 500 per cent. Young women were given special training and then offered one peso for every person between seven and twenty years of age whom they taught to read and write. In 1942 alone the Government opened 208 new schools. Yet, despite this increased activity, almost 50 per cent of the population were still illiterate in 1947.

The Government had made good educational progress in the cities where the compulsory education law was possible to enforce. But Colombia is a vast country (the third most populous in South America and twice the area of our state of Texas). Four-fifths of its people live in the rugged hinterland—on high plains or savannas, and in mountain valleys separated from each other by ranges and spurs that make communication between them extremely difficult. Three parallel mountain chains, rising to a height of 19,000 feet, divide the country into four parts. Travel is rigorous, and the few roads and railroads that run down to the Pacific or Caribbean lowlands are cited as major engineering feats. To

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reach and educate the people in the upland plateaus, in the mountain valleys, and in the tropical jungles was a task which engaged some of the best brains in the nation.

One high official, addressing a national educational congress in Bogota, declared: "To reach successfully the great mass of our people will take a century."

But the legislators and administrators were reckoning without Father Salcedo. In May, 1947, young Joaquin Salcedo was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Crisanto Luque of Tunja. In August, the Bishop called this mild-mannered, affable, but high-strung young man into his study.

"Father," said the Bishop, "I am assigning you to Sutatenza. It is a difficult parish because your people will be so widely scattered. Out of a parish of 9,000 souls, only 195 live in the vicinity of your church. You must work diligently to bring the blessings of God to all your flock. I expect you to do this as effectively as you know how."

Thus newly ordained Father Salcedo gathered together his few belongings and set off for his first parish with his Bishop's charge ringing in his ears. Being a native of the diocese, he knew the difficulties that lay before him. Travel in this mountainous territory would be slow and difficult, but he had been instructed to reach all his people as effectively as possible. Travel by horseback would not be effective—there would be long hours in the saddle, too much time wasted. No, he had to get to his people quickly. If he could only travel on a bolt of lightning. Electricity, he recalled from his physics course, moved at a speed of 187,000 miles a second. That was what he needed—electricity, and the child of electricity—the radio.

By the time Father Salcedo reached his new parish, a plan was beginning to form in his mind. He had experimented with radio as a boy and as a seminarian and was familiar with its workings. If he could set up a radio station at Sutatenza and provide his people with receiving sets, he could talk to them whenever he wished. The problem of money and obtaining the sets would be met when the time came.

At first Father Salcedo thought only of reaching his people in spiritual matters, but as he meditated more deeply on his idea he was aware of the vast possibilities it presented. Through the radio he could teach his people to read and write. He could give them lessons in the history of their country, in agriculture, in sanitation, in the hundred and one things that would help them to a better living. He could even go beyond his own parish, reaching out into

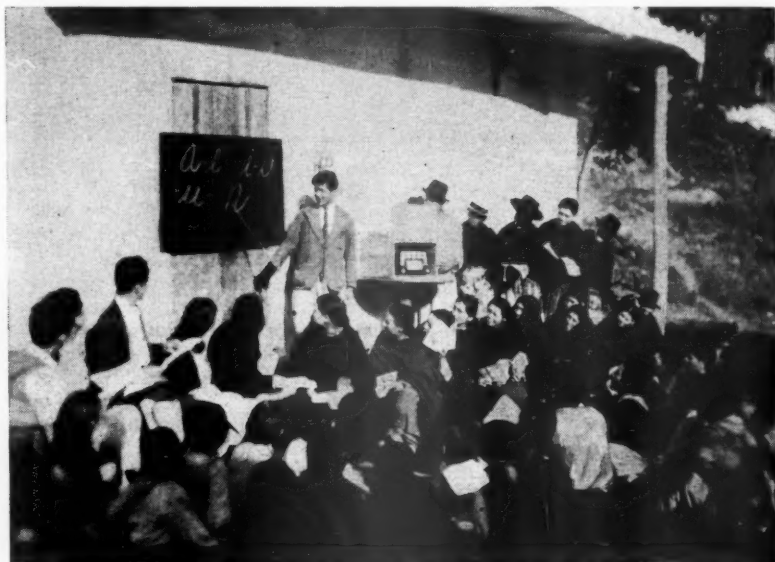
the neighboring countryside, and perhaps even into the whole of Colombia.

In Sutatenza Father Salcedo found his first ally and assistant in Enrique Parra, the village schoolmaster. Alert, modern, and aggressive, young Parra was one of those idealistic men who had decided to devote his life to the poor-paying and often thankless job of trying to educate the back-country children. The first time he heard Father Salcedo speak of what the priest called his "radiophonic schools" was like a dream come true. Parra enthusiastically threw in his lot with the new pastor, and in the ensuing months the two men put the plan into working order. When the details were on paper, Father Salcedo rode to Tunja to see Bishop Luque.

The Bishop listened carefully, and, when Father Salcedo had finished, said, "The idea is well formulated. It has my blessing. But from where will the money come?"

that once the project was underway they would supply textbooks in the campaign against illiteracy. The Minister of Health, Dr. Benjenaro, said that as soon as the schools were started his department would give every aid possible in the sanitation campaign. The national press got wind of the plan, and the first articles appeared referring to Father Salcedo as the "Apostle of the Airwaves."

The priest returned to Sutatenza and began traveling about his parish telling the people what he intended to do. The peasants were enthusiastic. The first contributions began to flow in. Alvaro Lopez, a small valley farmer, stopped Father Salcedo on the roadside and asked if he could make "a little gift for the venture." Slowly the peasant counted out fifty pesos (about twenty-five dollars), a small fortune for him. Another farmer, Sergio Arenas, who heard that Father Salcedo was try-



Lessons are received by short-wave radio, and a local instructor writes them on the blackboard

"From the people themselves," Father Salcedo replied. "When we show them what good these radiophonic schools will do them, and how such education will improve their standard of living, they will willingly support the project."

Father Salcedo next went to Bogota where he interviewed various officials. If he hoped to obtain any funds from the Government, he was soon set straight. The officials were interested, but there was nothing in the budget which would allow them to help. The Ministry of Education saw the possible scope of the move. Ministers Fabio Lozano and Eliseo Arango promised

ing to borrow money from the bank, mortgaged his cattle and brought the priest five hundred pesos. A few days later he was back at the rectory with the deeds to his farm which he gave to the priest to use as security for a loan.

With the aid of Enrique Parra and two new assistants—Juan Sacedo and Andres Sacristan—Father Salcedo built a three hundred watt, standard, broadcasting station in the Sutatenza rectory. The transmitter had only a range of thirty-seven miles, but this was enough for a start. Small receivers were purchased from International General Electric Company, assembled at the rectory, and tuned to receive the 1580 kilocycle

frequency broadcast by the station. These were battery receivers because no electricity was available. The receivers were installed in public plazas, farmhouses, a road junction, or at any spot where a group could be conveniently gathered. An "assistant instructor," an enthusiastic young man with some schooling, was appointed to take charge of each receiver and to lead class instruction.

In July, 1948, the first tests began. Slowly, a detailed plan of instruction was formulated. The tests were successful. Priests in neighboring communities asked to be included in the unusual venture. More receivers were added.

A short time after the first tests, on September 6, 1949, Dr. Mariano Ospina Perez, President of Colombia, spoke by radio from the Presidential Palace in Bogota, officially opening the radio-phonetic schools. Throughout the entire Boyaca region that day, in ninety different locations, an identical procedure took place. The gong reverberated through the hills, and even before it had become silent people began to assemble from their mountain homes. Men, women, and children came, out of the fields, up from the cane plantations, down from their straw huts. Swiftly, they marched along winding paths to their schools. Each group averaged about eighty persons.

Father Salcedo opened the program by stating the aims of the project and exhorting his people to take advantage of the opportunity that was theirs. Then from far-off Bogota the President spoke, officially inaugurating the schools. The voice of Enrique Parra was next heard. This young government schoolteacher now spoke to his largest audience. Slowly he began. "This is the alphabet upon which all the words are built. Your teacher will now recite. A . . . B . . . C . . ."

At each receiver, the assistant teacher studiously wrote the letters of the alphabet upon a blackboard. Old men and young men, women with babies, children, all carefully copied on their slates and pads the letters written on the blackboard before them.

Then the voice of Parra commanded, "Now we will say these letters together. Ready. A . . . B . . ."

Throughout the hills, seven thousand voices took up the chant. "A . . . B . . . C . . ."

After the lesson one grizzled old farmer walked ten miles to the central station at Sutatenza. With tears in his eyes he approached Father Salcedo, thanking the priest "for the wonder that comes in my old age." Then proudly he made the priest watch while

he slowly scrawled the first five letters of the alphabet, the result of his first day of learning.

With the lessons underway, Father Salcedo set about stabilizing his schools. Reading and writing would be the basic subjects, since these were the greatest needs of the people. Other subjects would be given in limited doses. Once the people could read and write, other things would come easily. Each day Father Salcedo speaks to his people on spiritual topics, mindful of his Bishop's command which sent him to Sutatenza.

"Truly the founder of these schools is the father of a vast flock," writes Father Francis Meia, a Jesuit, who visited Sutatenza recently. "His voice is that of a shepherd, father, friend, and spiritual advisor, echoing daily above the plains and summits of the Valley of Tenza in the fulfillment of his holy mission."

But Father Salcedo was not content. He knew that millions of his countrymen were yet to be reached. His work, now well known in Colombia because of favorable press notices, made it easy for him to appeal for and get additional funds. With this money the energetic priest left Colombia for the United States in late 1949. Here he observed broadcasting techniques, spoke to engineers, and examined equipment. From the International division of the General Electric Company he purchased \$50,000 worth of equipment. When he returned to Colombia he brought with

him 700 additional receivers and a powerful one kilowatt short-wave transmitter, capable of reaching to all corners of his nation. This equipment will be installed by May, 1950. Then the number of schools will leap from 90 to over 700, and the number of pupils will grow from 7,000 to 150,000. Besides the receivers and the short-wave transmitter, Father Salcedo also returned home loaded down with antennas, microphones, record players, record albums, and a power plant.

With such accomplishments behind him less than three years after ordination, one would think that Father Salcedo would rest. But this dynamic organizer has already initiated a new project.

Convinced that the Colombian peasant has a great latent artistic talent, Father Salcedo has embarked on a plan to develop that talent. Near his center in Sutatenza he is building a massive theater where his parishioners will be given the opportunity to develop and exercise their native artistic abilities.

"We have decided on a theater," says Father Salcedo, "because it presents the best medium for the expression of talent. Thus the peasant will be able to express his poetic conceptions and his natural interpretation of music and song. The theater will give him a chance to round out his personality."

Adjacent to the theater a new parish house is being built. This house will contain a reception room, parochial office, library, stockroom, studios for the radio station, staff quarters, and so on. The far-seeing Father Salcedo is also putting twelve bedrooms in the house. When a friend asked him why he had included so many bedrooms, he answered:

"We are getting many inquiries about our project. Soon people will be coming here to see it in action. They will come from all parts of South America. We must be prepared to give them hospitality."

This latter prediction has already come true. Father Salcedo's radio-phonetic schools have attracted wide interest. Many ecclesiastics in other countries have become interested in starting similar projects. It is a quick way to reach the masses. It gives the lie to the accusation made by the enemies of the Church that Catholics are not interested in education or in the poor.

As Father Salcedo himself says, "Christ told us to go to all men. He commanded that we be the light of the world. That is all we are trying to do here in Colombia—to project the social and the religious teachings of the Church with the speed of light."



A youth summons the people to class by pounding a steel bar

THIS Bernon kid was a fast worker. It was a Monday night I first laid eyes on him, and when the gang played Greendale, Friday, he was in at center—Captain Donnie Brown's position. It meant reshuffling the whole team.

The Trojans hadn't counted on beating Greendale, but they won, 34-26. The Bernon kid was high scorer.

Afterward they sat around my garage awhile, drinking chocolate milks out of my cooler. I was pointing out their mistakes when the Bernon kid interrupted. "Mr. Keech," he said, polite enough, "I think we ought to have a better out-of-bounds play. The two we use have whisksers." He was right, too. But turning over the wing of the garage to these kids for a basketball court had made work for me, and I hadn't felt up to teaching any new plays.

"If you know a good out-of-bounds play," I said, "why not teach the boys?" So he did, and they scored twelve points with it against the Elton Tigers.

It was after that game, when Dave and some of the others had gone home, I asked Donnie Brown who he was. Seems he had played on a championship junior high team in Connecticut. His dad had been made sales manager for a hardware concern in our state and had bought the Marston place on Blue Hill Road. "They're swell people," little Mike Santesi piped up. "And boy, can Dave use his dukes!"

"He's a fighter?" I asked.

"He could lick any kid in town with one hand! His dad used to be a boxing champion in college."

I sent a questioning look at Donnie Brown and he nodded. "Dave is good at everything."

There could have been a heap of envy in that. It was plain that Dave Bernon was going to take Donnie's place as leader of the gang. But I knew Donnie pretty well. I didn't think it would make any difference to him.

Couple of days later Bill Brown, Donnie's father, brought his car in for a fan belt. I asked him what Donnie thought about being pushed aside.

"I didn't know he had been pushed aside," Bill said.

"The rest of the boys think this Bernon kid is pretty super."

More serious than I'd expected, Bill frowned at me. "Jeff," he said then, "have you met Dave Bernon, Senior?"

"Not yet."

"I just wondered if you'd heard him talk. Well, so long, Jeff. Thanks." And he drove off.

HUGH B. CAVE has written stories and articles for "Collier's," "This Week," "Extension," and other publications, religious and secular.

ALL AMERICAN

by HUGH B. CAVE

He was hailed as champion, but the Bernon boy had never learned to play the game the American way

It took about a month for young Dave Bernon to get into the driver's seat. It might have taken longer if Donnie had showed signs of caring, but he didn't. As for the kids, they had certain loyalties, of course, but a hero is something you don't meet every day.

I'll say this for the Bernon boy: he didn't begin to throw his weight around until he was in solid. He even waited till after the Norton game before putting the chill on Mike Santesi. They needed Mike in that game—the Nortons were tough to beat—and the Bernon kid did not mean to lose any games with the election for captain so close.

He was made captain all right, and when the team showed up for practice a few nights later, Mike Santesi was missing. So was little Manny Friedman.

"What happened to Mike and Manny?" I asked.

"They dropped out, Mr. Keech," Dave answered. He'd always called me Mr. Keech. As if being just a garage man, I wasn't quite good enough.

"What do you mean, 'dropped out'?"

"Well, we had a meeting at my house and decided to change our name to the All Americans."

I turned to Donnie Brown, but he walked away and began bouncing a ball against the wall. Later I found out he wasn't at the meeting, and I felt better. But this was just the beginning, and there was little I could say because the Bernon kid was giving the orders. He was top scorer; he could make model airplanes that would fly; he even gave a boxing exhibition with his dad at the Parent-Teacher "Fathers' Night."

So one day I picked up a copy of the local weekly paper and, sure enough, the Wilton Trojans—Dave Bernon, Captain—had changed their

name to the All Americans. Mike Santesi and Manny Friedman were not in the line-up, even as reserves. . .

That night I stopped in at Friedman's Drug Store. For as long as I could remember, Friedman's had been a hang-out for the neighborhood kids.

Donnie Brown was there, buying a carton of ice cream. Little Manny was helping his father behind the counter. He made as if to speak to me and then turned away, and I was more embarrassed than he was.

Donnie walked out with me, and red-headed Tommy Hillyer spied us from across the street. He came over. "I saw you," he said to Donnie. "You wait till Dave finds out!"

"What did he mean by that?" I asked.

"The kids don't trade there any more," Donnie said, not looking at me. "You were trading there."

"Dad likes Mr. Friedman's ice cream."

"Otherwise you'd have gone somewhere else?"

He did look at me then. "Jeff," he said, "I have to live with these kids and go to school with them." He waited for me to say something, and when I didn't, his hand fell away from my arm and he walked away.

He thinks I'm down on him, I thought. Made me feel better, believing that. Helped my conscience. Because if I'd had the nerve I would have talked to those kids myself. Only now, of course, it was too late and the net result would be a lot of hard feelings.

But a couple of nights later Donnie showed up at the garage just at closing time and said he had to speak to me. Afterward we went into the back room.

Next night he came again, and after

an hour of hard work I gave him my verdict. "You'd have a chance, at least," I told him. So then he came every night. We were never interrupted.

Finally, when we were through work one night and Donnie was changing into his street clothes, he said, "Jeff, the kids are meeting on the playground tomorrow"—it would be Saturday—"to get up a baseball team. It might as well be then."

"I'll be there," I said.

I wasn't the only one. Half the kids in town were on hand, enjoying the first good day we'd had after a wicked winter. All but a few of the smallest ones gathered around when the All Americans began a long-winded discussion about who was going to play what position. I sat on the bench, out of the way. Donnie never looked at me.

Mostly it was Dave Bernon did the talking. He was captain. "Tommy, you're pretty good at short; we'll try you there. Ed Keever, you play first. I'll pitch." He didn't wait for any arguments. "All right, gang, let's practice."

"You forgot something," Donnie said.

"What?"

"We need Manny Friedman and Mike Santesi. They played last year."

The kids looked at Dave. "We're the All Americans," he said, as if he was being patient with someone stupid.

"What's that got to do with it?"

Dave didn't have to stand there and argue. He knew the hold he had on those kids. "Come on, gang," he said.

"Personally," Donnie said, "I think what you need is a good All-American licking."

I began to sweat then, because this was the moment I'd been waiting for and I was scared. I'd gone to the trouble of finding out that Dave Bernon's father *had* been a top-flight boxer in college. But if I was scared, Donnie wasn't. Or he didn't show it. He even let Dave throw the first punch.

When it was over and Dave had picked himself up and gone home, Donnie limped over to the bench and beckoned the kids to gather around. "Some of you guys find Mike and Manny and bring them here," he said. "We'll get up a team."

When they scattered, they were yelling like Indians.

As for the fight, it was all over town in a couple of days, of course, how Donnie Brown, the quietest kid in the neighborhood, deliberately picked a scrap with the Bernon boy and gave him a trouncing. I wasn't surprised when Donnie's dad showed up at my garage a few days later.

"Jeff," he said, "that was a fine basketball team the boys had. You played professional basketball once, didn't you?"

"For a while."

"Took a turn at the fight game, too, didn't you?"

"You could call it that," I said. "I wasn't so hot."

He smiled as if maybe he didn't believe I wasn't so hot, and then, walking over to my desk, looked at the snapshot I had there of my own boy—the one killed on Iwo Jima. "Jeff," he said then, "whose idea was it, yours or Donnie's?"

"His."

"That makes it even better."



"PERSONALLY," DONNIE SAID, "I THINK WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD ALL-AMERICAN LICKING."

1. Does the primary responsibility for providing old-age pensions lie with the industry in which the worker has grown old?

Mr. Barton

TO a great extent this question has become moot. With the issuance by the National Labor Relations Board of the Inland Steel Company decision on April 12, 1948, and its subsequent approval by the court, the responsibility an employer can assume regarding pensions for his employees has been circumscribed. That decision requires employers to bargain on demand about old-age pensions with the union which represents their employees. An employer may have sound and progressive ideas about the kind of pension plan that can best be put into effect in his company. As long as a union represents his employees, however, he is not free to set up a plan which would embody his thinking without consultation with the union.

Now, most employers have sought to adopt a constructive attitude toward installing sound pension plans. I saw evidence of this about a year ago when the Labor Relations Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States adopted a declaration, later approved by the Chamber's Board of Directors, that: "each company should consider, in the light of its own problems and business position, the feasibility of assisting employees with . . . an old-age retirement plan."

But each employer interested in a workable pension program faces the fundamental problem—that a union may assert itself about what is to be done.

In the pension field it is no longer a question of what an employer should do or would like to do. It is rather a question of what he *can* do. He can no longer assume complete authority over pension arrangements for his employees even if he so desires. The unions have a share of the authority along with the employer over the establishment and maintenance of pensions.

This fact leads to another point which arises out of the collective bargaining requirement. Authority should carry with it responsibility. Since employees today through their bargaining rights have a share in the fixing of the pension plan from which they benefit, surely they should assume some of the responsibilities.

Most employers in this connection would probably say that employees should make some contribution toward bearing the costs of the plan from which

Who should pay for



Chase Statler Photo

Speaking for Business WILLIAM B. BARTON



Harris & Ewing

Speaking for Labor HARRY C. READ

There is no dispute over the need for old-age pensions. The question is who should provide them. Here are two approaches to the answer

they benefit. They believe such a requirement perfectly reasonable. If the employee has under the law a voice through his union in setting up and administering a pension plan, why shouldn't he as well as the employer contribute toward making a sound one?

Here arises another point. It will be a sorry day indeed when every person in his old age looks for his retirement income solely to his share in the income from some pension plan. We have neglected a valuable virtue, I fear, by our failure in recent years to emphasize sufficiently the desirability of individual thrift. We have too often forgotten it in our enthusiasm for security plans. It makes for a sturdier society, I submit, if each individual seeks to build up, within the confines of his financial ability, his own separate savings for retirement.

Mr. Read

THE answer must be an emphatic YES. The *primary* responsibility of industry must run side by side with its primary purpose. This purpose is to provide food, clothing, shelter, and other necessities for *all* those engaged in it. There can be no distinction on this point between the family farm in a remote area and the great corporation with 125 huge plants employing hundreds of thousands of workers. The laws of Nature and of Nature's God dictate our answer, and those laws set up no social classes, no divisions of human

persons into owners and slaves, employers and employees. It is man, tainted with false doctrines of individualism and subversion of human dignity, who sets up social classes.

It was these false doctrines that led Pope Leo XIII in 1891 to issue his famous Encyclical on The Condition of Workers. In his first paragraph, Leo pointed out that "abounding wealth among a very small number and destitution among the masses . . . have caused conflict to break forth." He constantly returned to this concept throughout the Encyclical, vigorously rejecting the thesis that man is merely an animal to be provided only with his immediate, bare subsistence.

The Holy Father, while vehemently defending the right of private ownership, also observed: "Yet, however the earth may be apportioned among private owners, it does not cease to serve the common interest of all, inasmuch as no living being is sustained except by what the fields bring forth. Those who lack resources supply labor, so that it can be truly affirmed that the entire scheme of securing a livelihood consists in the labor which a person expends either on his own lands or in some working occupation, the compensation for which is drawn ultimately from no other source than from the varied products of the earth and is exchanged for them."

Proponents of free enterprise and disciples of modern economics hold that

Old-age Security?

IN this forum arranged by the editors of THE SIGN on the important subject of pensions, William B. Barton, Secretary of Labor Relations and member of the United States Chamber of Commerce, answers from the businessman's viewpoint. Harry C. Read, a high-ranking official of the C. I. O., answers for labor.

1. Does the primary responsibility for providing old-age pensions lie with the industry in which the worker has grown old?
2. Granting that government should provide security where industry does not or cannot, is it a valid principle that government ought to provide for all pension plans through social insurance?
3. Should the government seek to extend social security coverage even to places where private pension plans are in effect, in order to offset the instability or inadequacy of those pension plans?

the primary purpose of operating a business is to make a profit. To sustain their point they concede that the immediate security of all concerned in the operation is a condition precedent to the profit. It is at this point that fallacy creeps in, because another basic condition to assured profits is that capital and labor must be continuously and newly applied to the operation. Continuity implies a future, and it is stupid of the free enterpriser to argue that only capital must be renewed through a system of planned replacement and continuing rewards in the form of profits. But even the most zealous of free enterprisers does not adhere to his own arguments. In actual modern practice, he has on the whole also provided continuing security for the managerial class through generous guaranteed annual salaries, protection in periods of illness, annual vacations, and, lastly, extremely liberal pensions on retirement. No worker objects to this practice. He simply asks universal application of "economic law" to all those engaged in a specific industrial operation.

2. Granting that government should provide security where industry does not or cannot, is it a valid principle that government ought to provide for all pension plans through social insurance?

Mr. Barton

OF course, the Government has already stepped into this field. The

passage of the Social Security Act of 1935 provided for a system of contributory old-age insurance payments, averaging about \$25 monthly for a single person, \$40 for a couple. Retirement age was set at sixty-five. It covers some 35,000,000 employees now, leaving about 25,000,000 outside its orbit. Correlative with that, the Act established a system of old-age assistance in the form of direct financial grants to aged persons, in conjunction with similar state payments.

Legislation currently before the Senate, and passed by the House in October, 1949, would increase benefits to an average of \$44 monthly for a single person, \$50 to \$70 for an aged couple. Coverage would be extended to take in some 11,000,000 more workers from among domestic servants, the self-employed, a few farm laborers, employees of state and local governments or nonprofit institutions, employees of American employers outside continental United States, and certain others who, under common law, are thought to be independent contractors. Eligibility requirements are broadened, taxes are increased to cover the increased costs, provision for disability pensions before retirement age are added, and the old-age assistance program would be broadened.

With the exception of the last two provisions, the aims of this bill are generally laudatory. (Some of its actual provisions may need considerable polishing and integrating.) The increase in benefits was generally thought of, when

first proposed, as being one way of making direct federal assistance unnecessary; the current proposals do not square with that concept. Likewise, it would seem far more appropriate to handle the problem of the permanently disabled at the state level, in conjunction with existing state vocational rehabilitation services.

Despite the generally worthy object, the essential characteristic of our social security system must not be forgotten. Social security provided by government should be limited to those major hazards of life concerning which individual effort has been demonstrated to be substantially inadequate or impracticable. It should provide a minimum layer of basic protection against the hazards with which it deals. Careful consideration in establishing or amending any such program must be directed toward the matter of costs, which should not be so large as to impair the national economy.

Social security provisions, therefore, should not seek to cover the whole problem of old-age security. The benefit level should be a floor which will provide a minimum basic income to those eligible to receive it. The system should continue to be financed equally by employer and employee contributions.

But it should not be forgotten that federal social security is only the starting point for old-age protection. It must not be allowed to grow to such an extent as to stultify private initiative. It is not a "cradle-to-the-grave" program. Combined with other means of providing old-age security, discussed above, it can give valuable assistance to solution of the problems within the framework of our current economic structure.

Mr. Read

THE question does not permit an immediate, unqualified Yes or No. On the whole the answer is in the affirmative, but that affirmative requires explanation and conditioning.

Our political system in the United States leads us now and again into the error of deifying the public authority. It may seem trite to say so, but we must get back to the basic concept that the people, all the people, are the government. The long history of government is marked by the steady and increasing development of nonpolitical human groups which have exercised functions parallel to those of the public authority, and have rendered decisions backed with the force of moral law, and even, on occasion, with the force of statutory law. These non-political groups are really part of the

government, but not necessarily part of the State. For there is a distinction, especially in the United States, between the government and the State, and it arises out of the fact that most of our decisions are made among and by the people long before the subject matter ever comes into the legislative hall. Let us now determine the relationship of the State to the individual citizen.

Our basic charters of State, our laws and court decisions, and the direct decisions of the people themselves have one measuring stick: the Common Good. Free enterprisers, rugged individualists, and politicians with dull axes, may invent slogans—such as the Welfare State—but all of us, as a people,



Harold M. Lambert

The mailman is a welcome visitor when, besides monthly bills, he brings a regular pension check

are committed to building a state of general welfare. The Constitution commits us politically to that objective, and the American people abide by their Constitution. Our people believe that security of the individual is the foundation of the general welfare. They likewise believe the State is obliged to seek and assure that security.

Old-age pensions arise out of the prior contributions that the retired worker made in his prime, not only to maintaining the general welfare but also to increasing and extending it. There is here more than moral reasoning; hard, cold economic law dictates that a man will be hired to work for wages only when his labor can be calculated to produce a profit over and above the wage and the other costs of doing business. All will concede that the State has an obligation to insure by various measures that industry yields a profit. The com-

mon people of this country believe that the State has a similar obligation to provide the basis for individual social security through an equitable social insurance system. It must do so as an agency obliged to preserve rights of all.

Let us examine these conclusions in the light of Catholic social teaching.

In his great Encyclical of 1931, Pope Pius XI commented extensively on the function of the State.

"The supreme authority of the State," he wrote, "ought, therefore, to let subordinate groups handle matters and concerns of lesser importance, which would otherwise dissipate its efforts greatly. Thereby the State will more freely, powerfully, and effectively do all those things that belong to it alone because it alone can do them; directing, watching, urging, restraining as occasion requires and necessity demands."

In addition to repeating all that Pope Leo XIII had to say on the matter of social security, Pius also wrote: "When the State brings private ownership into harmony with the needs of the common good, it does not commit a hostile act against private owners but rather does them a friendly service; for it thereby effectually prevents the private possession of goods, which the Author of Nature in His most wise providence ordained for the support of human life, from causing intolerable evils and thus rushing to its own destruction."

3. *Should the government seek to extend social security coverage even to places where private pension plans are in effect, in order to offset the instability or inadequacy of those pension plans?*

Mr. Barton

THE way collective bargaining has come to dominate private pension plans has already been mentioned. Some further details on this phase of the subject have relevance at this point.

The growth and spread of collectively bargained pension plans has been one of the phenomena of the postwar period. By the middle of 1948, the Bureau of Labor Statistics has estimated, some 3,000,000 workers in over one hundred different international unions were covered under some sort of welfare plan, of which 55 per cent contained pension benefits. This is double the figure for 1947, which in turn was double the number covered in 1946. During 1949 it is estimated that a million additional employees were covered under pension plans, and, at present, one out of every eight contracts signed with the unions contains pension programs.

Employer-Sponsored plans have kept pace with this growth, and there are now about 13,000 pension or profit-sharing programs encompassing about 7,000,000 employees. The total looks impressive, until it is realized that there are some 58,000,000 agricultural and nonagricultural workers in the country who are

H. Armstrong Roberts



currently employed. This comparatively low percentage is due to several factors.

One is that serious question exists as to the feasibility of private old-age pensions, by themselves, to answer the problems of security. Such plans are always costly, if properly constructed, and many companies, especially the smaller ones, simply cannot afford an adequate plan which will stand up against economic vicissitudes. Abandonment of a plan, even under inescapable economic pressure, is not good employee relations. Many employers have been unwilling to install plans which they didn't regard as having good prospects of standing the strain of the long pull.

A pension of \$100 a month at the age of sixty-five would cost, on the average, between \$13,000 and \$15,000 dollars per employee. This comes to anywhere between 3 and 9 per cent of the payroll, assuming no employee contributions. Such burdens are often impossible for many firms.

MOREOVER, private pensions tend to restrict labor mobility. The average plan, particularly more recent collectively bargained ones, does not permit an employee to acquire any vested rights in the employer's contribution except after a fairly lengthy period of service, if at all. Separation from employment for any reason would cancel all the benefits to the employee. Realization of this factor tends to tie the employee to his job. Conversely, the high cost of private pensions tends to encourage the employer to refuse to employ older persons, of forty-five and over, because of the increased costs of providing pension benefits for them—the very thing that ought to be avoided where possible.

It should be noted, moreover, that at present there are not over 16,000,000 union members in the entire nation. Even if all these workers were brought under pension plans through collective bargaining, the coverage would extend to less than 30 per cent of the nation's working force.

For a long time to come, private plans will leave vast areas of industry untouched. Moreover, many of the plans that are negotiated will have serious imperfections.

At the same time individual efforts to achieve security cannot by themselves be enough in the great majority of cases. Fundamentally this has come about through the industrialization of our civilization. Today, unlike the past, most people are dependent on someone else for their continued livelihood and their economic usefulness. No longer is it possible to retire from productive employment to the farm and become self-sufficient through the tillage of the soil,

as was possible when we were primarily an agricultural nation and the proportion of self-employed was substantially greater than today.

Economic security must be provided for retirement. And here is where the employer and the government come in. The former can assume his responsibility in two ways: first, by continuing to provide productive employment after the normal retirement age, and, second, by adopting an adequate scheme of old-age pensions, providing the union will co-operate in negotiating to this end. The government can provide for old-age benefits by adopting a governmentally sponsored plan that will represent a minimum layer of protection.

There is pressing need, moreover, for broad extension of government social security coverage. Unfortunately, some types of employees receive no retirement benefits at all under present law. Among these are agricultural workers, domestics, and self-employed. Others have benefits under their own special legislation, such as railroad employees, who come under the Railroad Retirement Act, and public employees, most of whom come under one kind or another of retirement plan for their own group. There is little justification in principle for treating one group differently from another.

Moreover, present benefits are too low to provide a minimum layer of basic protection. The existing primary benefit of about \$25 a month is an example of this fact. At the same time that coverage is extended, benefits should be substantially increased.

Mr. Read

HERE again, we must assume that the reference is to the obligation of the State and here again, the answer must be in the affirmative. The mutual obligation of the State and of individuals set forth in the answers to the other questions need not again be discussed. The question does present, however, additional aspects of the same general question: security of the individual in old age.

It is commonly accepted in our society that property of every sort and description be afforded not only immediate but also continuing and even perpetual protection. The books are literally crammed with statutes imposing severe punishments for robbery, larceny, and fraud. Equity, as distinguished from law, is a complete field of jurisprudence. Society has devised, by voluntary decision and by statute, an intricate system of insurance on property. Industry further insures its assets by charging the consumer for depreciation of its plant and equipment. The State itself,

in World War II, established a system of War Damage Insurance to make good any property loss inflicted by enemy action on the private property of our nationals. No thinking man challenges these various measures. It is only when the continuing security of human beings is mentioned that arguments, slogans, and name-calling make their appearance.

THE argument will be advanced, of course, that each individual should provide his own insurance through payment of premiums. That argument has merit only if its proponents will agree at once and wholeheartedly that the profits of industry should and must be equitably apportioned and distributed immediately when they accrue. No intelligent person is so impractical as to advance such a suggestion. Our economy does not function on a day-to-day basis. Our economic activities call for integrated, sustained effort over varying periods of time, during which, however, simple justice will not die or go into a state of coma.

We come back now to the specific point as to whether the State should extend security even to places where private pension plans are in effect. While the possible instability or probable inadequacy of private pension plans might provide support to the affirmative, they do not go to the main point and must be considered only incidental. A better criterion is the sound reasoning that supports the thick, protective cover that society and the State have erected over and around private property.

In applying those devices, the question is never raised as to whether the beneficiary needs the recompense which the system provides if his private property suffers loss. The fire insurance company pays the just claim of the assured regardless of his remaining assets.

We urge again that it is the function of the State to provide for the security of all individuals. If private industry—meaning owners, managers, and employees—would and could carry out their functions in an orderly, just fashion, the role of the State might be different. Under existing conditions, the State cannot devise a variety of systems. It must provide the floor of security for all with a universal, state-operated security insurance system.

But justice alone will not do the whole job. "How completely deceived," wrote Pope Pius XI, "are those rash reformers who concern themselves with justice alone . . . Supposing that everyone should finally receive all that is due him, the widest field of charity will always remain open."



Marzotto gets things done

This modern industrialist has set out to solve Italy's basic economic problem-- a shortage of land plus an excess of population

by **EDWIN MULLER**



View of Valdarno in Northern Italy. This is the headquarters of Marzotto's business empire



The nursery school for workers' children. There is also a hospital, school, gymnasium, stadium, etc.

NOT long ago, Count Gaetano Marzotto, the Italian industrialist, and one of his sons had an hour's audience with the Pope. His family wanted to know what they had talked about. "Well," said the son, "the last half hour father was telling His Holiness how to run the Church."

Yet the Pope, they say, is very fond of the Count, perhaps because Marzotto is a different kind of rich man. He doesn't seem to care much for money for itself. His passion is to get things done.

A big, burly man, but quick in his movements, he has flashing eyes and a nose like an eagle's beak. He looks more like a swashbuckling, medieval adventurer than a modern industrialist. And possibly he is. Right now he is in the midst of a new adventure which may be the answer to one of Italy's basic prob-

lems—a shortage of land plus an excess of population.

Italy is about the size of Alabama and Georgia combined. In it 48 million people must somehow make a living. Since many of the raw materials of industry are lacking, the great majority must live off the land. About 10 per cent of it, mountainous and swampy, can't be used for agricultural purposes. Much of the remainder is suitable only for grazing. And in the south the country is arid, almost rainless through the summer. What arable land there is has for generations been subjected to a grim, mounting pressure. For Italy has one of the highest birth rates in the world.

In the past, epidemics and a high infant mortality eliminated many hungry mouths. Emigration—which reached its peak in 1913 when 780,000 left Italy,

the majority for the United States—provided another safety valve.

But now both valves are closed. Modern medical science has checked the epidemics and kept more of the babies alive. Most countries have imitated our immigration policy in telling the Italians that we can't take many more of them. So each year half a million are added to the masses who are struggling to scrape the barest minimum of food from the soil.

Most of them are handicapped by a lack of modern tools and methods. The small peasant owners can't afford the tools, and the big landowners won't provide them. Here, for example, is a typical estate in Calabria, in southern Italy. The owner, a rich man, lives most of the time in Rome. Of his eight thousand acres he keeps six thousand as a hunting

preserve. He has refused repeated pleas that some of it be used for cultivation. The other two thousand he rents to a middleman who lets it out in small parcels to sharecroppers for all the traffic will bear. The owner invests no capital in the land. The peasants must farm it with what tools they have.

Not much better is the plight of peasants who own their land. In each generation there are eight or ten children. The land has now been subdivided below the point where the average farm will supply the minimum needs of a family. So the surplus sons must go out to look for work—casual labor on the big estates, anything they can find. The number of job-seekers far exceeds the number of jobs. In parts of southern Italy the landless men average forty days' work a year, for which they get fifty cents a day.

Therefore they never get enough to

These landless, workless, foodless people of Italy are perhaps the weakest point in the dike that has been built to keep out the Red flood. Italy voted against Communism in 1948—but by no overpowering majority. It was said then that it was the agricultural south that beat the Reds. But today with the peasant's lot so wretched, there is a small but steady growth of Communism in southern Italy.

Count Gaetano Marzotto was brought face to face with this land problem in an abrupt and violent way. In 1944 he was forced to flee north before the retreating Germans. Near the shore of Lake Maggiore he found a hiding place in a small, primitive house. It was a region of peasant farms, in which it was difficult to scratch a living from the scanty earth. He stayed there ten months and in that time the hard life of the peasant was forcibly impressed on him. Charac-

ern industry. His remarkably retentive memory stored a vast amount of material for later use.

With the end of the war the fortunes of Marzotto rose and flourished. He now owns seven big textile mills, a marble works, a hotel chain, and various other enterprises knit together in a growing industrial empire with a payroll of over twenty thousand. He has kept his headquarters in Valdagno. There he lives in a huge villa, so near one of his big woolen mills that he can hear the looms going twenty-four hours a day.

In building his industries the Count showed that genius for organization which he later was to apply to his land project. An indication of his efficiency is that, in spite of our tariff, his textiles compete in the United States with our own products. His low production costs don't depend on low wages. His basic wage scale is substantially above the



A mill at Santa Margherita. There is work in this mill during the slack agricultural season



Hauling sugar beets. The beets are dehydrated and the refining is done during the slack season

eat. Even the landed peasants are lucky to eat meat twice a year. Their houses are stone hovels. In one district fifteen thousand live in caves. In the south the breaking point has been reached. All over Calabria and Sicily landless men are on the march, seizing and occupying land on big estates. In one district there are three thousand such squatters

The Government was hesitant in dealing with the situation. Part of its support comes from the big landowners. But now most of the squatters are being allowed to remain in possession, and a law has been passed to divide big unused estates. It will help—but not much. The squatters—lacking houses, barns, tools, fertilizer, irrigation equipment—are not likely to add a great amount to the food supply of Italy, or to better their own lot materially.

teristically, he decided that one day he would get something done about Italy's land problem.

Till then he had had little to do with the land. Like his father and grandfather he was an industrialist. On the death of his father in 1927 Gaetano, aged thirty-three, inherited the family business. Its headquarters was in the town of Valdagno, in a narrow valley which thrusts up from the Venetian plain into the jagged foothills of the Alps. Today most of Valdagno's five thousand inhabitants work for the Count, directly or indirectly.

The year 1927 saw the rising tide of Fascism. The bureaucratic controls of a dictator state didn't make a good climate for an out-and-out individualist like Marzotto. In the 1930's he spent several years in travel, in the United States and elsewhere, studying the methods of mod-

average in Italy. On top of that he pays a bonus based on each individual workman's production.

In his woolen mills, Marzotto is now installing many modern automatic machines which will cause laying off of a number of workmen. Accordingly, the Count is building a factory to make ready-made clothing. This will provide jobs for the men laid off—and increase the Marzotto profits.

In Valdagno since the war the Count has built many blocks of houses and apartments to rent to his workmen. He has also built a modern, well-equipped hospital, a nursery for the children of mothers who work, a school, an athletic stadium, a gymnasium with a big swimming pool. For the use of these, workers pay a small sum.

Marzotto gives each of his workmen an annual three weeks' vacation at full

pay. He has built a seashore resort at Jesolo on the coast north of Venice. The place provides a vacation which in America would cost fifty to sixty dollars a week; Marzotto workmen pay the equivalent of fifty-six cents a day. For those who prefer the mountains there's another company-owned resort in the Alps.

Marzotto feels that these enterprises have been good business. Italy has been plagued by strikes inspired by the Communists; last year, fifty million work hours were lost through strikes, but Marzotto plants haven't lost an hour. The critical 1948 election was a test of Marzotto's policies. In that election the chief strength of the Communists was in industrial towns like Valdagno. In another textile town nearby the Communists got 8000 votes, the anti-Communist parties 7500. In Valdagno the Communists got 1500, the anti-Communists 13,000.

By 1947 Marzotto was ready to begin his contribution toward solving Italy's land problem. He decided to organize and operate a pilot project—to show how it might be done. On the flat plains north of Venice he acquired two tracts, one of 3500 acres, the other 2500. The first was land already farmed, the second a malarial salt marsh.

The farming tract, which he called Torresella, now produces wheat, corn, flax, sugar beets, fruit, dairy products. More than a thousand workers make a living from it and related enterprises. Part of them are on a share-cropping basis, a farm to each family. Others work for a daily wage.

Part of the project is centralized. Included in this are the machines which service the individual farms: the tractors, bulldozers, plows, reapers, etc. Also centralized is the dairy. The great barns would cover a city block, will house a herd of three thousand. To improve the breed the Count recently had six prize Holstein bulls delivered by plane from Canada.

The Torresella project will take four years to complete and calls for a six-fold increase in production. The Count is now half-way toward his goal, already he has ventured four and a half million dollars on the enterprise.

One trouble with Italian agriculture, the Count believes, is that it provides full-time work for only half the year. His answer is to combine agriculture with industry. On part of the estate, known as Santa Margherita, are factories for processing farm products: a linen mill, a sugar refinery, a wine press, a fruit juice plant expected to produce 100 million small bottles annually, mostly from fruit grown on the estate. The factories are so planned that they can oper-

ate efficiently on one, two, or three shifts. In summer, when farm work is heavy, the factories employ three hundred to four hundred. In winter, when farm work is slack, a thousand and more work in the factories.

The plants are designed to spread the work. For example: In Italy most sugar refineries work only thirty or forty days a year, just after the beet harvest is in. In the Marzotto refinery the fresh beets are dehydrated. Therefore the refining can be done at any time, the work spread according to the labor supply. In that way the Count produces sugar at a cost well below the average in Italy.

At the same time the Count began the Torresella project, he went to work on the 2500 acres of salt marshland. With a fleet of big dredges and steam shovels bought from U. S. Army surplus, the dreary stretch of marsh was rapidly crisscrossed by a grill of broad canals. The dredgings were dumped to build solid land. This earth, impregnated with salt water, was useless for agriculture. So wells were drilled in it, fresh water pumped up from below, flooding the

• There is no point in being the richest man in the cemetery.

salt earth. As the process was repeated the salt was washed out of the soil.

The four-year result will be that out of the original 2500 acres of marsh there will be 1250 of arable land, 1250 of canals. On the reclaimed tract, cover crops will be planted and from the dairy barns the young cattle will be brought to graze. Their manure will enrich the land so that it will be first-rate soil for melons and other fruit. The 1250 acres of canals Marzotto is having stocked with several varieties of salt-water fish. Present annual production is 60,000 pounds of fish. The Count estimates that by 1952 it will be two million pounds.

So the three sections of the Marzotto agricultural empire—farms, factory, and marsh—function smoothly, as do the parts of his industrial combine. Marzotto estimates that at the end of the four-year period, when the entire enterprise is operating normally, he will clear 7.3 per cent per year on his invested capital.

As for the worker, one share-cropping family now produces as much from seventeen acres as it formerly did from sixty-four. A good workman, spending half the year on the farm and half in the farm-factory, gets a cash income of about five hundred dollars a year. Most families are large, twelve to fourteen members, including several married children, so that six or seven members of the family work. A large family gets a com-

fortable eight-room house with two baths; it has its own vegetable garden and facilities for keeping pigs and chickens. Like Marzotto's industrial workers the family gets an annual three-weeks vacation at full pay.

Count Marzotto is the target for volleys of criticism. Some of it from absentee landowners who don't want to be hustled out of their pleasant comfortable way of life, paid for by the suffering of their peasant tenants. But there's another sort of criticism that deserves more attention. The Count, some say, really is a feudal lord, conducting a benevolent autocracy in which his serfs are given prosperity but not freedom. Everything is planned for them. Whereas what Italians need is to think for themselves, to be individuals, to school themselves for the responsibility of a self-governing democracy.

To that Count Marzotto has quite a lot to say. It's no good preaching freedom and democracy, he says, to the man who seldom gets one solid meal a day, who lives in a hovel and shivers in his rags. Give him the chance to work and thereby earn the essentials of decent living. Then—if he wants it—give him the chance to earn independence.

In his factory towns Marzotto is helping those of his men who want to finance the purchase of their homes through savings. And those who want to get beyond the assembly line, to rise in the industrial world, he is helping to higher technical education. Nor do the children of Marzotto workers have to pattern their lives to industry. In Valdagno, besides the trade school, is a separate music school, courses in art. Any pupil who shows promise is encouraged and helped.

At Torresella, even more, Marzotto sees and acts on the need to help those who want it enough to own land, to "become little capitalists." There, if a share-cropper family works hard it can, in a few years, save enough to buy its farm, or perhaps land elsewhere. There would be no shortage of land in Italy, the Count insists, if it were cultivated intensively and on a well-organized plan. The problem is to combine individual ownership with the benefits of the large-scale operation of modern agricultural machinery. Marzotto thinks that he is solving that problem at Torresella.

Meanwhile with driving energy he pushes forward this four-year agricultural adventure. Of course it is still an experiment. It remains to be seen whether it will earn an adequate profit, and, even more important, whether it will become a developing ground for free and independent men.

When the Count speaks of it you feel that it will. In all sincerity he says: "I want to make democracy work."

STAGE

and

SCREEN

by **JERRY COTTER**

The Bard on Broadway

Katherine Hepburn's "Rosalind" in the current Theatre Guild revival of *AS YOU LIKE IT* may not delight the purists, but it is fresh, attractive, and only slightly mannered. It is but one of many assets in a visually beautiful and dramatically exciting production which rates high among the season's festive events.

The star has not been able to discard completely the annoying mannerisms which have marred so many of her previous stage and screen performances, but has succeeded in camouflaging them to a considerable degree. She is buoyant and vivacious without sacrificing the more serious passages. It is her best characterization to date.

This has always been one of the gayest Shakespearean revels, and in this handsome Guild production, directed with skill and understanding by Michael Bentham, the idyll of Arden becomes a stunning pastoral. A fluid presentation, mixing laughter, music, and imaginative staging, it intrigues the audience with colorful costumes and settings, while holding full interest through a splendid dramatic interpretation.

William Prince is a fine "Orlando," and there are excellent portrayals by Ernest Thesiger, Whitford Kane, Aubrey Mather, Bill Owen, and Cloris Leachman. Shakespeare's bucolic charade has been fashioned into a frolic that both pleases and impresses. Recommended for the entire family.

Other New Plays

When the theater takes up the problems and complexities of a young adolescent learning about "life," you can be more than certain the concentration will be on sexual matters. Such is the case in *THE HAPPY TIME*, a dramatization of the book by Robert Fontaine. The boy in this instance is the son of a French-Canadian father and a Scotch-Presbyterian mother. They live in close proximity to the father's family, a clan of easygoing disposition and similar morals. The boy's father attempts to set a standard for him and also to appease his worried wife, who fears the effect her uninhibited in-laws will have on the child. The dialogue is often bright and the acting always superior, but the general tone of the show is too sensual and amoral for an unreserved recommendation. Claude Dauphin of the Paris stage is the best member of a generally good cast.

April, 1950



★ Katherine Hepburn in the Theatre Guild's gay and colorful presentation of "As You Like It"

COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA is a tandem character study that is both comic and terrifying. In stressing its thesis and incidentally bestowing a few laurels on Alcoholics Anonymous, the play also turns the spotlight on three master technicians. It proves beyond any shadow of dispute that Shirley Booth is one of the finest actresses on the stage today, gives Sidney Blackmer the best role of his long career, and introduces a new playwriting hope in William Inge. Unfortunately, in detailing the story of a middle-aged couple and the college girl boarder, the author often ventures over the borderline of good taste. Such pandering is unnecessary for a writer of the Inge caliber and adds nothing to the basic worth of his script. His story of a married couple living on the brink of disaster is well plotted and well written. Thanks to two of the finest players we have, it comes to life on the stage with startling effect.

ARMS AND THE GIRL is a mediocre musical based on the play *Pursuit of Happiness*. A Connecticut village during the Revolutionary days is the setting, and the girl in question a young zealot who would capture a Tory spy masquerading as one of Washington's officers. Incidental to the story is some suggestive comedy anent the bundling custom of the time, a few unimpressive song and dance interludes,



★ Red Skelton gets into some comic predicaments as an eccentric character in "The Yellow Cab Man"



★ Joel McCrea and Dean Stockwell watch forces of hate on parade in "Stars in My Crown"

and the energetic gyrations of the cast. Only Pearl Bailey, a colored singer with an unusual style, makes a favorable appearance. The others, Nanette Fabray, Georges Guetary, and John Conte, labor in a lost cause this time.

Eerie, admirably staged, and acted to the hilt by a small cast, *THE INNOCENTS* is the most unusual play of the season. It is a dramatization by William Archibald of the Henry James story, *The Turn of the Screw*. A cryptic chiller with unexplained evils and phosphorescent ghosts, it has more genuine horror per minute than a dozen pretentious productions. In an English manor house of the 1880's, a young governess discovers a pair of average youngsters, brother and sister, living with an elderly housekeeper. She shortly learns that neither they nor the house are average. An arresting spellbinder, beautifully acted by Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, David Cole, and Iris Mann, the latter two as the children possessed by evil spirits, this is not for nervous adults nor for those who like to have every thread of their mystery plots in precise order when the curtain falls. This leaves everything to your imagination—which is just as well under the circumstances.

A series of incisive character sketches have been dovetailed into script form by Carson McCullers. Based on her novel, *THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING*, the new footlight offering exhibits all the qualities of a good one-act play stretched to three times that length. The result is unusual, but never fully resolved. There are three principal characters—an elderly colored cook, a young girl leaving childhood behind, and a small boy just beginning to enjoy it. All are lonely and cling together for companionship. They are well-sketched, but the situations and excitements prepared by Mrs. McCullers lack both conviction and dramatic power. Ethel Waters is magnificent as the cook, and young Julie Harris is alternately vibrant and miserable as the neurotic youngster. One overly suggestive scene relegates this to the partly objectionable category.

Reviews in Brief

Shorn of the sensationalism surrounding its production, *STROMBOLI* is merely a drab chronicle of bleak lives on a volcanic island. Incredibly poor in production values, directed with a surprising lack of flexibility by Rossellini, and acted somnambulant by Ingrid Bergman and a cast of natives, the film is as barren as its background. The complete lack of taste exhibited by the advertising campaign and the arrogant conduct of the picture's principals automatically mark it unacceptable. The fact that the edited version of the picture adheres to the elementary standards of screen morality is no excuse for supporting the production. There is another issue at stake here, and the sooner movie audiences inaugurate a private boycott of those who flaunt their contempt for moral standards the better it will be for all concerned. (RKO-Radio)

THE YELLOW CAB MAN is one of the best comedies Red Skelton has ever made. It is also guaranteed to make even the most confirmed worrier forget about problems for an hour or two. Skelton is in rare form as an eccentric inventor who takes to cab driving as an antidote for his genius. There are some wonderful comic effects, designed to wring laughs from everyone in the eight-to-eighty category. Skelton has strong assistance from Gloria DeHaven, Walter Slezak, James Gleason, Edward Arnold, and Polly Moran. (M-G-M)

Louis Calhern, Ann Sothern, and Jane Powell appear as representatives of three generations of a theatrical family in the colorful and amusing musical, *NANCY GOES TO RIO*. Frothy and brightly bedecked in Technicolor, the production relies on players rather than plot in spinning a familiar yarn of backstage and off-stage antics. Carmen Miranda, Barry Sullivan, and Scotty Beckett are also on hand for added laughs. An adult story, this pleasant divertissement is at its peak when musically inclined. (M-G-M)



★ Dorothy McGuire and William Lundigan in "Mother Didn't Tell Me"

★ Louis Calhern has Barry Sullivan down for the count in "Nancy Goes to Rio"



Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan are capable performers, though not even remotely equal to the task of making *PERFECT STRANGERS* palatable. As fellow members of a murder jury, locked up for the trial's duration, who fall in love, the stars are overwhelmed by mediocrity. Their adolescent infatuation, carried on despite the fact that both are married and he is the father of two children, would do credit to an Elinor Glyn or a confession magazine author. On the screen it is both trite and objectionable. Any intelligent jury of modern moviegoers will find it guilty of being a colossal bore. (Warner Bros.)

THE SUNDOWNERS has a fresh approach to the prairie melodrama formula and some exciting Technicolor photography of the Texas cattle country. It also marks the acting debut of John Barrymore, Jr., who with Robert Preston, Robert Sterling, and Chill Wills, carries on in the outdoor, if not the *Hamlet*, tradition. This is for the adults rather than the moppet trade. (Eagle-Lion)

The life of a doctor's wife has more than the usual share of complications, according to *MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME*, an amiable comedy enlisting the capable services of Dorothy McGuire and William Lundigan. From starry-eyed romantic to annoyed young wife is the course followed by Miss McGuire in a role not unlike the *Claudia* characterization which made her famous. All the problems are resolved with emphasis on the humorous side of the situation. Sprightly, non-clinical, and ably acted, this adult farce is an enjoyable diversion. (20th Century-Fox)

Imaginative, unconventional, and starkly dramatic, *THE THIRD MAN* stands out as a superior motion picture. Directed by Carol Reed and produced in Europe, with Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles in the starring roles, it is the sort of clever, spine-tingling movie that will satisfy most mature audiences. Postwar Vienna is the setting for the macabre, yet fascinating, tale of black market intrigue and a thrilling chase, written with the expert's touch by Graham Greene. Photography, acting (even the Welles perform-

ance), direction, and the musical background are combined to make this realistic vignette a rare and unusually fine motion picture. (Selznick)

STARS IN MY CROWN is the story of a parson's influence on the inhabitants of a small Southern town in the days following the Civil War. As played by Joel McCrea, he is an easygoing, but determined, evangelist who totes two cavalry pistols as "persuaders" for the crowd to heed his words. The rising Klan movement poses the greatest problem, but the parson manages to outwit the riders when they attempt to hang an aged Negro farmer. The characters are well drawn and the plot has the usual number of climactic peaks, blending action and character study in convincing fashion. McCrea is splendid, and the others, including Ellen Drew, Dean Stockwell, Juano Hernandez, and James Mitchell, acquit themselves creditably. A satisfactory, though familiar, drama for the entire family. (M-G-M)

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *As You Like It*; *Howdy Mr. Ice of 1950*

FOR ADULTS: *The Velvet Glove*; *Lost in the Stars*; *Caesar and Cleopatra*; *Where's Charley?*; *Touch and Go*; *The Innocents*; *The Man*; *Mr. Barry's Etchings*

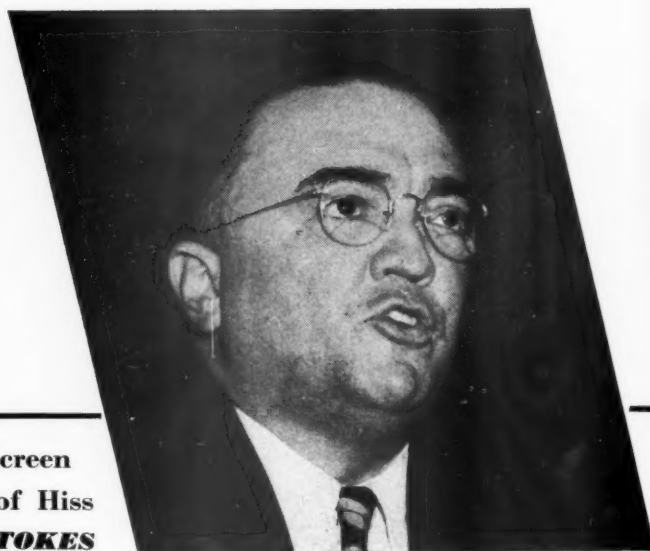
(On Tour) *Oklahoma*; *Brigadoon*; *Harvey*; *That Lady*
PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Kiss Me Kate*; *Member of the Wedding*; *South Pacific*; *Miss Liberty*; *Death of a Salesman*; *I Know My Love*; *Texas, L'il Darlin'*; *The Enchanted*; *The Happy Time*; *Detective Story*; *Come Back, Little Sheba*; *Arms and the Girl*
(On Tour) *Lend an Ear*; *The Madwoman of Chaillot*; *The Man Who Came to Dinner*; *Inside USA*; *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*; *The Silver Whistle*; *The Philadelphia Story*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Mister Roberts*; *The Rat Race*; *Clutterbuck*; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
(On Tour) *Streetcar Named Desire*; *Diamond Lil*; *Private Lives*; *Tobacco Road*

Luck or DESIGN?

The H-bomb has served as a smoke screen for China's betrayal and the fall of Hiss

by **RICHARD L. STOKES**



FBI's Hoover--his report ignored

GOVERNMENTS find it expedient, on occasion, to deafen the public ear against their follies and frauds. The usual contrivance is to sound tocsins of national emergency. Is the hydrogen bomb a case in point? One aspect of its disclosure—a curious felicity of timing—has scarcely been canvassed. News of man's ultimate weapon pealed far and wide at the exact moment for drowning the din of China's betrayal and the fall of Alger Hiss. Was it luck or was it design?

More than twenty years ago, physicists determined that the grand source of atomic energy would be found in the transmutation of hydrogen into helium. The rub lay in devising a fulminator capable of reproducing the monstrous temperature of the sun. This "percussion cap" remained hopeless until the first plutonium shell burst at Alamogordo, New Mexico. For a splinter of a second there flamed on earth a solar heat of 20,000,000 degrees. The hydrogen bomb has thus been practicable since July 16, 1945.

Four years, six months, and two weeks elapsed before the next master item was placed in the record. It was six days after Hiss was sentenced to five years in prison, following his conviction on charges tantamount to espionage and treason.

On January 31, 1950, President Truman announced that he had instructed the Atomic Energy Commission "to continue its work on all forms of atomic weapons, including the so-called hydrogen or super bomb." Grounds for the order were defined as national defense against any possible aggressor

and "the over-all objectives of our program for peace and security."

During the interval of almost five years, the Soviet Union had heaped one aggressive act upon another. All were wounding either to American defense or to global quiet and security. Among them were enslavement of half of Europe under Communist oligarchs, Red subversion in Orient and Occident, massive plunder of eastern Europe and Manchuria, violation of treaties as a settled policy, the blockade of Berlin, war against the United States by every means short of bloodshed, and a merciless campaign for wiping out Christianity, particularly Catholicism.

Through these provocations, and many others, the notion of a hydrogen bomb slept undisturbed. The most logical occasion of all was not permitted to vex its slumber. On September 23, 1949, President Truman divulged, with no counter warning, that Russia had achieved an atomic explosion. Thanks to the Kremlin's spy apparatus, deliberately tolerated in this country before, during, and after the war, United States monopoly of fissional weapons had been shattered two years in advance of American calculations.

Up to last year, the progress of Communist imperialism was menacing only to Christian civilization and the free world. It had borne no serious threat to the political fortunes of Harry S. Truman.

But two events made it possible that the campaign of 1952—together with that of 1950—might shift from the theater of domestic policy, where his position was strong, to the arena of foreign

affairs, where it was woefully vulnerable. On July 8, 1949, at the first trial of Alger Hiss, eight out of twelve Federal jurors polled a verdict of guilty. On September 21, a Communist Republic of China was proclaimed at Peiping.

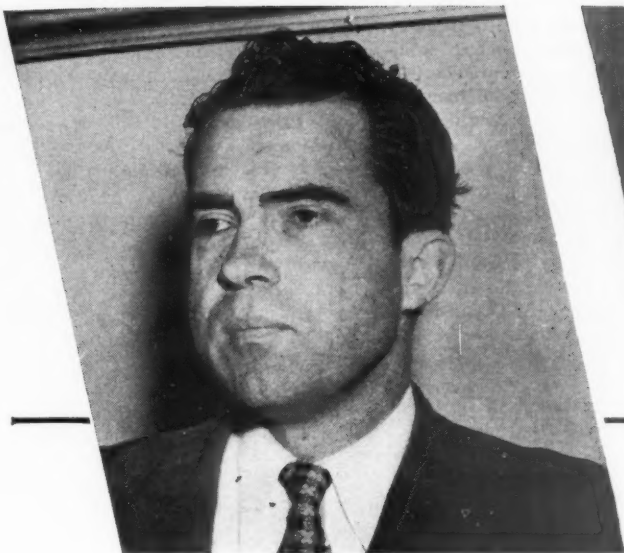
By the end of 1949 continental China was doomed, and the stricken remnant of its pro-American alliance had fled from the mainland to Formosa. The disaster was one of first magnitude and might well entail American overthrow in another world war.

Even then President Truman need not have troubled over his personal future if evidence thronging in had not established beyond doubt that American military blunders and American diplomatic intrigue were decisive elements in the catastrophe. Sorely involved were General George C. Marshall and Dean G. Acheson, Secretaries of State in the Truman Cabinet.

While the Administration staggered under the blow, another smashed down with the conviction of Alger Hiss at his second trial, which concluded last January 21. By no means important individually, Hiss towered aloft as a symbol of ideological perversion in the Roosevelt-Truman hierarchy.

The desperation of government helmsmen over the collapse of American power in the Orient was reflected by the unprincipled special pleading of the Chinese White Paper, with its flagrant suppressions of evidence and garbling of texts.

Panic over the Hiss affair was betrayed by a stampede of notables to his protection and comfort. The roster was headed by President Truman, Secretary Acheson,



Nixon--kept the Hiss case alive



Peurifoy--gave testimony on documents

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and two Associate Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court—Felix Frankfurter and Stanley F. Reed.

There was sound cause for alarm. What if some inspired genius should burst from his Republican coma, spew out the issue of "statism" and "socialism," and fly to the hustings with shouts of certain unquestionable truths? For example, the following:

"Franklin D. Roosevelt gave half of Europe to Communism. Harry S. Truman has given to Communism, or is about to give, all of Asia.

"Since its conquest by radicalism under Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic Party has contributed more to Communist aggrandizement and the downfall of religion than any other power except the Soviet Union."

The hypothetical Republican might charge further that a Russophile clique in the State Department had neutralized the miraculous job accomplished by the Army and Navy in the Pacific.

When a politician is found out in a costly mistake, his first impulse is to distract attention with a complete change of subject. He is quite aware that the best way of fighting a prairie fire is to set a counter blaze across its path.

In September of last year, Chairman David E. Lilienthal of the Atomic Energy Commission had to remind Mr. Truman himself of the hydrogen bomb as a possible rejoinder to Russia's startling exploit in thermo-nuclear physics. Up to November it is likely that not one American in a million had ever heard of hydrogen-helium fusion. By January it was a household phrase.

The calendar of those weeks is infor-

mative. It bears all the marks of a projected build-up. The sequence began with hints and rumors of an American "mystery weapon," which was declared, erroneously, to have one thousand times the destructiveness of the plutonium bomb. There were "leakages," presumably authorized, to favorite columnists. Soon the press as a whole was in cry.

Alger Hiss was sentenced on January 25. Overwhelming evidence had corroborated testimony of Whittaker Chambers that in 1937-38 Hiss passed to him, for transmission to a Soviet agent, forty-seven government documents bearing on munitions.

On January 28, Senator Tom Connally, a Democratic stalwart charged with keeping airtight control of the Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman, urged in a news release that the government should arm itself with the hydrogen bomb as an instrument of peace and security.

Two days later, on January 30, Washington dispatches reported "enormous pressure" on Mr. Truman "from the highest Congressional authorities."

Another twenty-four hours elapsed. On January 31, the President bowed to the sovereign will of the people and announced his directive to the Atomic Energy Commission.

For the moment, at least, China and Alger Hiss were relegated to oblivion. But these were topics which declined for long to be covered up.

Regarding Hiss, for example, there were new revelations from behind the scenes. They supplemented evidence already known of a conspiracy, in the

highest circles, for snatching this relatively obscure young diplomat from the pangs of justice.

The frenzy and proportions of the effort aroused suspicion that exalted characters found it imperative to rescue Hiss, either in payment for services rendered and obligations owed, or from fear of skeletons which he might, if deserted, choose to rattle.

The following summary derives chiefly from records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and House Un-American Activities Committee. Much of it is due to Congressman Richard M. Nixon (Rep.-Cal.), a member of the committee, whose tenacity and address are rated as having been primarily responsible for the conviction of Alger Hiss.

Not only President Roosevelt but Justice Frankfurter and Dean G. Acheson were told by Adolph A. Berle, Jr., in September, 1939, that Hiss was accused by Whittaker Chambers of being a Communist and an agent of Soviet espionage. The warning was brushed aside and Berle was forced out of diplomatic life.

During January, 1945, just before Mr. Roosevelt left for Yalta, General Leslie R. Groves, commander of the Manhattan Project, informed the President that this atomic energy development, the most guarded military secret in history, was infested with Russian spies and American accomplices. The same report was submitted to President Truman immediately after his accession to the White House. It was ignored by both.

In November, 1945, Director J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI delivered to the White House and State Department a report, compiled at great cost and peril,

of Soviet espionage in this country during the war. Identified as members of a Communist spy ring centering in the Russian Embassy were more than one hundred American scientists, military officers, State Department officials, government employees, and businessmen. Not one was ever arrested for espionage. Many FBI operators resigned in disgust over the political protection thrown about spies and apostates.

The State Department consistently frustrated the apprehension of Soviet secret agents and their American informers by withholding its approval of applications "to get out process for them."

On August 5, 1948, when Hiss first appeared before the Un-American Activities Committee, President Truman flung the weight of his office into the balance on behalf of the witness by denouncing the investigation as a "red herring," drawn across that year's election campaign by a Republican-controlled Congress.

With this obvious purpose of shielding Hiss, Mr. Truman, on the same day, announced a directive forbidding administrative agencies to supply Congressional committees with any information whatsoever regarding the loyalty of government employees. As a result, the Un-American Activities Committee was cut off from the assistance, and records, of all agencies concerned, including the FBI, State Department, and Atomic Energy Commission.

On November 17, 1948, the committee transferred to the Department of Justice documents in Hiss' handwriting or typed on his machine, which contained scores of excerpts and summaries drawn from confidential State Department papers. These were part of the material transmitted by Hiss to Chambers, then a Soviet courier.

Nevertheless, the Justice Department let it become known two weeks later that it was prepared to drop the Hiss-Chambers case for "lack of evidence." Chambers thereupon produced from his celebrated pumpkin five rolls of microfilm, embracing photostatic copies of secret documents from the State Department and Bureau of Standards.

Armed with that new evidence, the Un-American Activities Committee was able to force the Department of Justice to proceed. In consequence, Hiss was indicted on December 15, 1948.

The responsible head of the Justice Department during the Hiss investigation was Attorney General Tom C. Clark, a New Deal lawyer and professional office-holder from Texas. He has since been elevated to the Supreme Court.

Both Sumner Welles and Assistant Secretary of State John E. Peurifoy testified that a foreign agent possessing even

one of the many documents given by Hiss to Chambers would have been able to break the secret American code and decipher all of our confidential communications with foreign governments during the critical period preceding the Hitler-Stalin nonaggression pact.

Chambers identified fifteen Americans as members of his particular espionage cell. On the list were four men in the State Department, two each in the Treasury Department, Bureau of Standards, and Electric Boat Company, and one each on the legal staff of CIO, the Aberdeen and Piccotiny Arsenals, the Remington-Rand Company, and Illinois Steel.

Hiss alone was prosecuted. Julian Wadleigh of the State Department confessed. Harry Dexter White, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, died soon after he was accused. In the files of the Justice Department are eight pages of documents in White's handwriting, which he was alleged to have delivered to Chambers. Most of the others refused to testify on the ground that by answer-



"Vinegar Joe" Stilwell

ing they would tend to be degraded and incriminated.

In like manner, fresh revelations about China, closely preceding Mr. Truman's resort to the hydrogen bomb, were less than comforting to his political prospects. Of rare potency were three articles, entitled "Why We Lost China," by Joseph Alsop, which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* on January 7, 14, and 21 of this year.

Any lingering doubt was dispersed that American rancor and infatuation were chiefly responsible for America's tragedy in the Far East. It became surer than before that the root of China's

calamity was the selection of the late General Joseph W. Stilwell as Chief of Staff to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and U. S. commander in the China-Burma-India theater.

This was General Marshall's one major appointment of the war. It was the only one that proved disastrous.

In the loathing which he conceived for Chiang Kai-shek, Stilwell turned into an all-out collaborator with Chinese Communism. To his support sprang American diplomats, of similar mind, who were stationed in China. Nothing is more probable than that Stilwell, if unmolested, would have brought the Communists to power by the end of the war. But, in October, 1944, the Generalissimo succeeded in forcing his enemy's recall. The act destroyed Stilwell's career. It was also a slap in the face to General Marshall's pride as a judge of men.

There can have been small love for Chiang Kai-shek in Marshall's bosom when he went to Yalta less than four months afterward. At any rate, his was the commanding voice that urged upon President Roosevelt concessions leading to Soviet occupation of Manchuria and the loss of China.

Present at the Crimean conference, as chairman of the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, was Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, personal aide to President Roosevelt. Leahy, for one, did not believe that Russian participation in the Japanese war was a military necessity. "But the Army did," recounts the Admiral; and "Roosevelt sided with the Army."

The two branches of "Stilwellism," military and diplomatic, were united with the arrival of Alger Hiss, sole Far Eastern specialist of the State Department delegation. By the present time, it has grown difficult not to suspect that he was assigned to Yalta as watchdog for Chinese Communism.

Dominant in the department at that period, it has been testified, was a pro-Soviet clique headed by Acheson, with Hiss as second in command. It had begun the purge of a rival faction, led by Berle, which ventured to doubt whether Russia's co-operation was 100 per cent perfect and advised a showdown while the American position was strong.

Recent disclosures make it plausible to surmise that the Acheson group was in sympathy, heart and soul, with career men in China who were pressing the government, as early as October, 1944, to abandon Chiang Kai-shek publicly in favor of the Red commissar, Mao Tse-tung.

On his return to Washington, General Marshall undertook a singular artifice for thrusting his old friend back upon

(Continued on Page 76)



MAO and STALIN

by DAVID DALLIN

Stalin personally picked Mao Tse-tung to lead the Reds in China, and has made certain he will not become another Tito



WHEN Mao Tse-tung, the head of the new Chinese Communist state, went on his first visit to Moscow last December, he was received with a decorum and pomp ostentatious enough to underscore the Soviets' respect for their eastern brother. As he crossed the frontier from China into Russia, he was met by three high Soviet officials; as his train rolled into the Moscow station, he was greeted by two members of the Politburo, three members of the Soviet Council of Ministers, and the full set of nine satellite envoys.

Mao was wined and dined; he was shown the sights of the Soviet capital, taken on a trip to Leningrad, and, upon his return to Moscow, appeared at various festive occasions at Stalin's side. The public ovations — obviously prearranged — which greeted Mao when he went to the Moscow Theater, were long and enthusiastic. Soviet President Nikolai Shvernik gave him a sumptuous banquet in the Great Kremlin Palace; all Soviet nobility was there: bemedaled marshals and generals, members of the Supreme Soviet, ministers and diplomats from the satellite states, accompanied by their well-dressed ladies.

More than ever before, Moscow went out of its way to emphasize China's equality and sovereignty within the Communist family of nations. So much has been said and written about the self-centered and nationalist attitude of the Soviet Government since Tito's rebellion that it has become an important political task to refute all talk of Soviet imperialism. It was with this objective in mind that a part of the Sino-Soviet agreements was made public in Moscow.

In fact, the official text of the new Sino-Soviet treaties, as released to the press, is more in the nature of a counter-propaganda move than a factual report on the negotiations and their results. There are vague references in the official statement to an "exchange of letters" about the return to China of industrial equipment removed to Russia from Manchuria in 1945-46. However, the letters themselves remain secret: the cost of this transaction to the Chinese people must not be revealed. Nor has the new trade agreement been made public, in spite of the prolonged sessions which the conference of foreign trade ministers from the satellite states (including China) held in Moscow. The

discussion touched on the exchange of goods within the Communist-controlled third of the globe, and Russia's central position as a clearing-house was recognized; it was a foregone conclusion that the middleman would not operate to his own detriment. The published text, however, contains only the hint that goods would be traded at prices prevailing on the "world market," (the Yugoslavs accused the Soviet Union of using foreign trade as an instrument of exploitation) and that credits would be granted at the unusually low interest rate of 1 per cent a year (again, the Yugoslavs had accused Moscow of exacting usurious interest rates).

The Chinese people have not been told just what the goods were going to be which the Soviet Union promised to supply China in fulfillment of the loan of \$300,000,000. "Industrial equipment and other goods" can mean anything—including arms for the Chinese army and salaries for the many thousands of Soviet "experts"—military, police, diplomatic—who are going to China.

Nor have the Chinese people been told of the fate of the Manchurian and Sinkiang provinces. While denying any

intention of "detaching" these regions from China, Moscow has underscored the "autonomous" development of these areas which border on Russia. In a carefully worded dispatch, the Soviet press reported on the visit of the Chinese leaders to an industrial plant in Moscow: along with the two prominent Chinese Communist guests it listed, with their titles, Li Fu-chun, Vice-Premier of Manchuria, and S. Azizov, Vice-Premier of Sinkiang. As far as the Soviet-controlled Manchurian railways and Port Arthur are concerned, things there remain virtually unchanged for three years, until the end of 1952.

It was, no doubt, a bitter disappointment for Mao Tse-tung to have to trod the path of satellite rulers and see himself reduced to the level of Bieruts, Rakosis, and Chervenkova. This is the tragedy inherent in the story of a remarkable leader of a great movement, of a man who fought for his ideals, who is now compelled to yield and, bit by bit, to sell the sovereignty of his people. For over a century, the men who shaped China's destiny have had to sign away ports, agree to foreign privileges and unequal treaties, to systematic encroachments on China's independence; at a high price, they have had to purchase the benevolence of Britain, France, Russia, and Japan. In our days, they had to acquiesce in the "autonomy" of Manchuria and see it become Japanese Manchukuo. They had to consent to the "autonomy" of Outer Mongolia.

No man is born a quisling; yet circumstances sometimes make a puppet out of a major leader inspired by the best intentions. When Mao, then a young teacher at the Peking university, joined the small political group which was to become the Communist Party of China, Stalin was already a People's Commissar and member of the Politbureau; this was in 1921. To Mao Tse-tung, Lenin and the other leaders of the November revolution and victors in the Russian civil war were heroes and giants. Chinese Communists gladly took advice and orders from Stalin's Comintern in the crucial years from 1925-27; they did not always see eye to eye with Moscow, but they obeyed. For Stalin's failures and mistakes in the campaign against Chiang Kai-shek, one Chinese Communist leader after another was dismissed, until finally Moscow chose Mao Tse-tung as the best among potential leaders for China. It is a fact of great importance that almost two decades ago Stalin chose Mao to head the party of Chinese Communists because he considered him the best and most disciplined orthodox Comintern man.

To the Chinese Communists, Soviet

Russia seemed to be the incarnation of selfless help and altruism in international affairs. They remembered that in 1918-20 the Soviet Government returned to Iran all Russian privileges and possessions in that semicolonial country. Soviet Russia renounced her privileges in China, too; she renounced her share of annual payment by China for damages inflicted during the Boxer rebellion; she recognized the integrity of China.

Unlike other Communist leaders, Mao had not emigrated when his party was defeated and outlawed; it was a point of pride with him that he did not leave China when he was being hunted by the police. Since the end of the 20's, he and a number of his comrades took refuge in the small Communist areas which they had created and which were defended by a small Red army. He moved with his followers from one province to another. In 1934-35, the whole party and its army made the Long March through nine provinces to set up a miniature "Communist government" in northern Shansi, far from China proper, far from railroads, far from civilization.

In his tiny Communist state, Mao created Communist schools and a university to educate lieutenants for the party; he himself became a professor. What was dispensed at this Yen-an "university" was a most primitive and simplified brand of Marxism, abundantly sauced with a most primitive anti-imperialism. Soon Mao began to intensify his guerrilla warfare, making use of the Japanese invasion to expand his areas in rural China.

As the realm of his Communist state expanded, Mao began to be a great figure. During his victorious campaigns against Chiang Kai-shek after the war, he was already recognized by his adherents as the Stalin of China, the great Teacher and Prophet.

Fourteen years younger than Stalin, and leader of the youngest addition to the family of sovietized nations, Mao has been more loyal to Stalin than any other foreign Communist. His admiration for the senior leader in the Kremlin has been sincere. More than once Mao has stressed the fact that without Soviet help his party could not have seized power in China. He has publicly stated that his goal and his dream are to unite China with the Soviet Union into one great state. (That this multinational combination would be headed by Stalin went without saying.) For his

obedience and loyalty, Mao was rewarded by diplomatic protection on the part of Moscow as well as by arms, whenever this was possible.

What Chinese Communism badly needed during the civil war were precisely good strategists and militarily educated people, since the battle in which the army of Chiang and the Communist army were locked was on a rather low strategic level. It is known that in the late 30's a group of Soviet officers worked as "advisers" at Mao's headquarters; among them was the Soviet general Andrei Vlasov, at that time a colonel, who later became known as the leader of Russian military formations in Germany opposing the Red Army in 1942-44. The most important single act of assistance from Russia, however, was the opening up to the Chinese Communists of the huge Japanese arsenals in Manchuria after Soviet troops occupied the territory during the short war of August 1945. Other instances of Stalin's help to Mao became known from time to time, although the whole story, rich in sensations, may remain secret for a long time.

It was logical that as soon as the civil war ended Mao should go to Moscow to hail the Leader of Leaders and to establish with him a new pattern of friendship and mutual help between two of the biggest nations in the world.

What Mao received from Russia up to 1949 was mainly help in his wars. This was rather essential. During a civil war, aid in the military effort is the only thing that matters. Mao has been a military leader *par excellence*. Beginning with the Northern Expedition in 1926 and up to the end of 1949—a period of twenty-four years with only very short interruptions—Mao Tse-tung waged wars, led guerrillas, elaborated campaigns, and built armies. Hundreds of men close to him fell in battle; time and again his regiments and divisions were annihilated. More than any other Communist leader in the world, more than any Communist in the Soviet Union, Mao of China has been a war leader. As such he has learned to sacrifice needs of the civilian population and economical development for the sake of military victory. This explains why and how Mao Tse-tung and his fellow leaders were able and willing to accept the kind of Russian "assistance" that they did during the decades of their fight.

They expected that with victory achieved and China reunited under a Communist regime, a new era was starting. Now civilian needs would be given priority. Would not Russia assist in peace as she assisted in war? To China and the Chinese, Russia appears as an

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advanced country—strong, rich, and progressive. Backward as Russian medicine and hygiene are by Western standards, they are immensely superior to those of China. Russian schools seem models of educational institutions to the Orient. Russian industry, lacking as it is in productivity, appears to the Chinese as a tremendous achievement. And now—it was expected—Russia would start to supply poor, devastated China with industrial products, tools, and machinery to revive her industry, reopen Manchuria's mines, rebuild railways, and, in general, to achieve in China the same miraculous results which are daily reported about Russia in China's Communist press.

What the Marshall Plan was doing

rebellion against Moscow two years ago.

In addition, Moscow can supply arms to Communist China; since Communist China is recognized, this can be done openly and on a legitimate basis. Russia has in her possession huge stores of German and Japanese arms and large quantities of outmoded Russian weapons; great quantities of demobilized military aviation can be put at the disposal of the Chinese. In addition, Chinese pilots can be trained in the excellent Soviet aviation schools and hundreds of Chinese officers can be admitted to Soviet military schools and to the Frunze Academy.

This, then, is what Moscow can offer China; not peace, but a sword—a new war alliance. Moscow *must* try to move

period, Russia succeeded in detaching Outer Mongolia, formally incorporating Tanu-Tuva into the Soviet Union, acquiring control over a large part of Sinkiang, and gaining decisive influence in Manchuria.

So long as Mao remains a loyal Stalinist, a show of maintaining the integrity of China will be made. Stalin will pretend to respect the sovereignty of China. The day, however, that Chinese Communism raises the banner of rebellion against the Kremlin, Soviet civil and military administrators and the military men and police spread over these northern provinces of China, and which are superior in force to the local Chinese regimes, will be able to take over and proclaim "autonomy." The



The Russian-supplied Red troops march into the city of Nanking



In Canton, China, local Communists parade along the Pearl River waterfront with banners of Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, and other Red Leaders

for impoverished Europe, a Stalin Plan would do for China: this was the great expectation. The Marshall Plan was a deviation from commercial principles of give-and-take; America was giving without receiving goods or gold in exchange. What Mao found in Moscow was rather disappointing: in all countries of the Soviet sphere, Soviet agencies were carrying out a Marshall Plan in reverse—they were taking goods and giving little in exchange. This tendency was accentuated and increased during the last few years, and there was no reason to expect that an exception would be made for China. What Moscow can offer and deliver amounts to a small percentage of what China needs. What Moscow can deliver is, again, a group of technical and military advisers who demand for themselves high salaries, fine villas, and servants—the same conditions which aroused Yugoslav Communists to

Mao to continue his military campaigns, advance farther to the south, and systematically prepare for an eventual war against Japan. In Moscow's view, the war against Japan is "inevitable," since Japan is the last great "bulwark of capitalism" in the Orient, the last possible danger to Communist expansion. Not rehabilitation of China, but a military alliance with Communist China against Japan and America is what Stalin can propose to his great friend.

And Mao cannot say no. Not only because he is a militant Communist and an old warrior, but also because if he refused Stalin's orders he would lose almost everything. Unlike Yugoslavia, China borders directly on Russia. All northern China, starting with the Afghan frontier in the west and down to the Korean frontier in the east, has been a sphere of special Russian interest for over half a century. During this

new authorities, loyal to Moscow, will immediately denounce Mao and his group as traitors and agents of American imperialism. This is why today Mao cannot become a Tito, even if he wanted to. Stalin's hold on northern China is stronger than it was on Belgrade before the break.

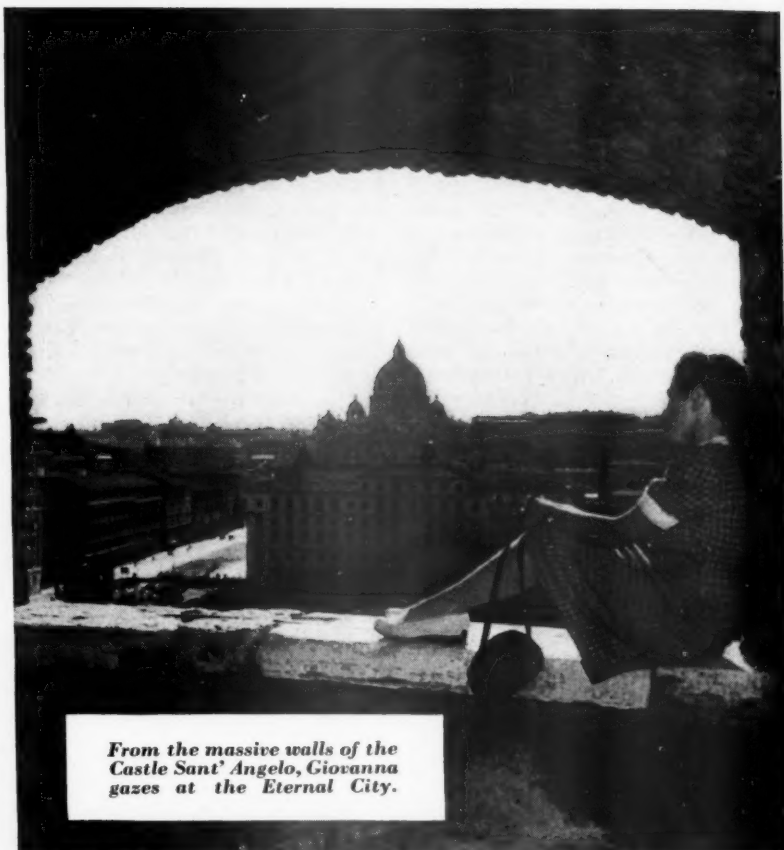
Chinese Communism has entered the hard road of subservience to a foreign imperialist power, a road full of disappointment, humiliation, and disgrace. Born in nationalist pride, in fervent protest against unequal treaties, special privileges, and exploitation by Western nations, China's Communist movement faces a similar treatment, if not a worse one, by the great power of the East. It will not be long before great popular movements will emerge and violently react to the blunders and crimes of the new masters of this tormented and unhappy nation.

Roman Holiday

●Italy is small—not much larger than a single one of the United States. But a little girl who lives in the mountainous country outside the big cities like Rome seldom gets a chance to see even one big town in her native land. That was why young Giovanna Lucchetti of the Abruzzi Mountain Region not far from Rome was so happy and excited when a trip to Rome was promised her for her twelfth birthday.

She was to visit her uncle and aunt in the Eternal City, see the buildings, walk the Spanish Stairs, and perhaps, like other Holy Year pilgrims, see the Holy Father.

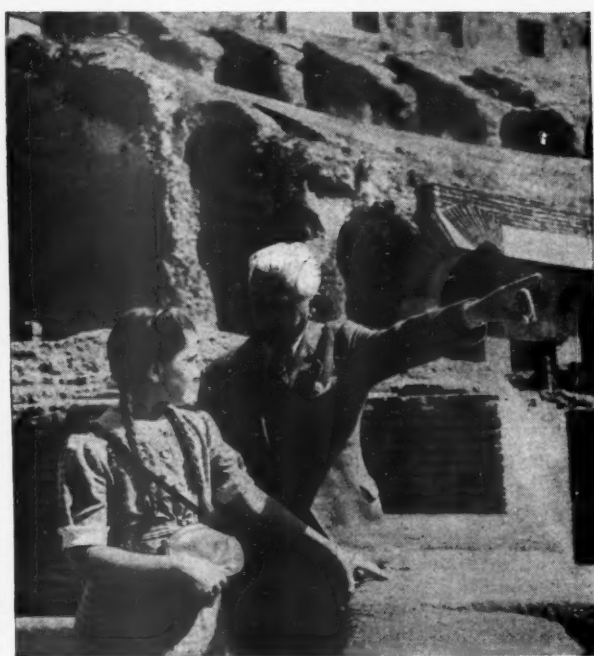
Little Giovanna took the trip, as the pictures show, and returned home with few souvenirs, as she had little money, but she had beautiful memories a drab mountain life would never erase.



From the massive walls of the Castle Sant' Angelo, Giovanna gazes at the Eternal City.



In the courtyard of St. Peter's, a vendor shows our little visitor some religious medals. He made no sale.



Inside the Coliseum, a guide shows Giovanna where the lions were released to devour the Christians.

— A Sign Picture Article —



Giovanna walks down famous Spanish Stairs. In background is the famed old Trinity Church.



A friendly young Roman tells the little mountain girl all about the big city of Rome.



Center, she makes an offering at Our Lady's shrine.



At the ruins of an ancient pagan temple, Giovanna dips into a pool formerly used by Vestal Virgins.



The little tourist inspects pictures on the side of a street photographer's camera at Piazza del Popolo.



A student of naval engineering explains an old gun to the visitor, but she seems to be confused



At the Forum, Giovanna starts to pick flowers, but a guard nearby gently reprimands her.



Near the famous Arch of Constantine, Giovanna stops to talk to a cabbie and to pat his tired horse



The Abruzzi girl inspects the Arch of Titus. The monument to Victor Emmanuel appears in background.

Giovanna completes her tour as she visits the temple of Anonius and Faustina with her aunt.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Century of the Child

IN THE DAYS of the twenties there was a phrase that was very popular—the Century of the Child. It was supposedly just dawning in that halcyon time when, with a war safely behind us, life was fine and fair in Bagdad, as a popular song of the period put it, and in Europe too and points west.

There was something to be said for the phrase. The days when little children sat in bleak rooms, working long hours at artificial flowers, were going, and so was the theory that one had to pour information into a child and never mind if he understood it. It was, as a matter of fact, the innocent beginning of what looked like something pretty wonderful. But now, to some of us disillusioned ones with a generation of it behind us, it looks not only sad but dangerous.

The basic idea was twofold in this day of the century of the child. First, the mind must unfold slowly to education. Second, the body must get good treatment or the mind will be stunted. Both these fine theories we have in the course of twenty and more years carried to silly heights.

Some of the theories of the day have made a complete cycle by this time—for instance, that of infant feeding. In the long ago the theory was to feed the child, so to speak, round the clock. Like the refrain,

I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry.

I want what I want when I want it,

the infant of that day was fed when he wept, and when he wanted to sleep he slept as long as he wished to.

Then came the period when this was decidedly all wrong according to the great brains. You woke a baby up right on the dot of the second when he was due to eat, as if he were some mechanical object that needed oil at stated intervals. If the child did not want to eat then, that was his bad luck. He ate. Sound asleep, he was wakened for that aliment. Also, with Behaviorism and such cults to the fore, the old-fashioned method of being sweet to the baby and showing him you loved him was out. You picked him up for necessary function; you put him down. Beware the thoughtless, selfish parent who wanted to kiss her infant. She was wrecking his life by that thoughtless act.

Now it's "Self-Demand"

WHAT THE GRANDMOTHERS of that day went through watching this sort of thing I can only imagine, for I was merely a mother then. I read Behaviorism with the rest, but I am afraid I was sort of born out of my due time or something. It never really made sense to me. Or perhaps it was that it would take so long to read the books and get to understand them, with their complicated phrasing and their import hidden under ponderous writing that the children would be half grown before that time.

Maybe lots of them were. Maybe that is how it happened that so many of the generation now in its late twenties grew up just regular people. Maybe a lot of the ones the psychiatrists get today are the ones who grew up with Behaviorism and other isms mixed with their carrots and peas. Anyway, we are now going back to the earlier days, and if some of the grandmothers of that day are left on earth they must be much amused at the fact that the things they tried

so hard to do—hold the baby when it cried too hard, give it its food ten minutes off schedule—are now being insisted on by some of our better doctors. They even have a scientific phrase for it, believe it or not—Self-Demand.

In fact, I know one young physician who is bringing up her own infant along these lines. When it wakes and cries it gets fed. If it doesn't want to eat it gets held for a while. And if any among you don't think that is a radical and daring thing, you should have been a mother of infants when I was.

The century of the child—well, its hasn't been quite that long, but the cycle of the child has certainly been completed.

For the first time, along with this idea of its being the child's century, came the idea that children were important in themselves, no longer merely to be seen and not heard,—and one is often tempted to wish that old rule were back.

Today children are so circumscribed by care that they are growing up again according to rule. But the rule is an odd one. It is that the rule must be no rule. We fed our children in the past generation, oh so carefully, chopped up carrots and spinach cleaned ad infinitum, and gave them zwieback and scraped beef. I imagine that good diet is still the ideal. But today our children seem to prefer—and get—a lunch of hot dogs with mustard on rolls and a cola drink. They roam about through school and home, assured of their importance not in the future but in the here and now. They must not be held down, because that would make them psychopathic some day or manic-depressive or schizophrenic. What they could become is endless. What many of them are just now, and much of it is not their fault, is fresh little brats, which I know is not a psychological phrase but a fine, expressive definition just the same.

Divorcees Anonymous

PERHAPS ONE REASON for this freedom which is apt to become license is the grown-up who has broken and rebroken by multiple marriages the child's home. How can we expect stability of such an environment? But for this situation there is a ray of hope in the Chicago organization of Divorcees Anonymous, made up of women who are divorced and regret it and who are trying to keep together marriages not yet broken up. They go to the women to whom the organization sends them and urge a policy of nondivorce, using their own lives as example. It is the first healthy thing that has come from the whole sad business—women trying to help women by proving that precipitate action is a mistake, showing to them their own loneliness and the unhappiness of the average divorced women. For the courts can try, but only a woman can in such conditions help another woman when she has spoiled her own life and often the lives of her children by her action.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, in its interesting series of articles on divorce, tells of one woman, aiding in a divorce survey, who came to the editor after a day of harrowing sessions with divorcees who had told her their stories. "I rushed home," she said, "and was I nice to my husband!"

But this page started off with the Century of the Child. Perhaps it is not his century at all, but the century of the child who never grew up.



Von Moltke described to the priest various details of the network

MANY years have elapsed since the Nazi rule in Germany, over four years since the Third Reich died in destruction and fire. But the old battle for the soul of the German people continues. It is perhaps more dramatic today than ever before. In the face of it, unrevealed past chapters of this battle—the underground struggle of Christianity against the Nazis—acquire new significance. They are the ever-timely moral capital and spiritual food for the coming generations of Germans.

Few members of the German anti-Nazi underground survived the war. One who did is an elderly Catholic priest in Munich—Father August Roesch, S.J., veteran of the “bloodless” Christian resistance movement. I visited Father Roesch in his modest quarters at the Munich Jesuit house. Surrounded by skeletons of ruined buildings, the house and adjacent St. Ludwig’s Church formed a peaceful island amid heaps of depressing rubble. Of stocky build and ruddy complexion, Father Roesch is a very active man. His war-undermined health does not stop him from being completely dedicated to social work and spending all his days in helping the poor and downhearted.

When the war started, Father Roesch was Provincial of the Society of Jesus for the Bavarian Province. While in this responsible position, he was brought within the orbit of active wartime conspiracy by pure coincidence.

In October 1941, Father Roesch was standing on one of Berlin’s streets, listening glumly to Hitler’s speech blared out by huge loudspeakers. It was a few months after the Nazi invasion of Russia, and the speech was full of assurances that victory was around the corner. The priest was not so sure.

Then, suddenly, a stranger tapped him on the shoulder and said: “*Gruss Gott*” (“God bless you”), a greeting used generally in Austria and Bavaria. Father Roesch turned around and saw a good acquaintance of his from Munich, Baron Karl Ludwig von Guttenberg. Conversation began and the latter asked whether the priest would not like to meet one of the leading figures in the anti-Nazi underground, Helmut von Moltke. Father Roesch knew the name but had never met the man personally.

Count von Moltke was the leader of a small staff of fifteen men dedicated

to a “bloodless” anti-Nazi revolution. The group was preparing groundwork for a new, democratic Germany and fighting a daily war in defense of Christianity without resorting to outright attacks on human lives. There were several such moral resistance groups active in various parts of the country.

“The Kraissauer Circle,” named after von Moltke’s Castle Kraissau, was composed of all strata of society. The greatest hero of the group, besides von Moltke, was another Catholic priest, Father Alfred Delp, S.J. Arrested in his own church by the Gestapo, he was eventually hanged with Moltke a few months before Allied victory. His diary, written in prison, appeared as a book, *In the Face of Death*.

Father Roesch was not too enthusiastic about the invitation at first. He was assured, however, by Guttenberg that von Moltke had been trying to meet him for some time.

They proceeded on their way, each of the two men walking on a different side of the street not to arouse suspicion. Father Roesch was led to a garage at the top of which was a small room totally concealed from the outside. No

one entering the place could suspect the secret entrance to the hideout in the rear of the garage.

Von Moltke greeted the arrivals with the usual "Gruß Gott" which, from then on, was to become their accepted watchword, contrasting with the Nazi "Heil Hitler." "What do you think of Hitler's speech?" asked the priest. Von Moltke merely shrugged his shoulders and said that he never listened to Hitler's speeches; they were not worth his while.

Then the priest asked what the Count thought of Hitler's assurance of prompt victory over Russia. "Nonsense," was the answer. "I know that behind Moscow there are countless Red Army divisions waiting for the German Army to come closer. They will be deployed only after it gets cold, and then the

might collapse or sell themselves to the Nazis. Can you give us Catholic pastoral letters, texts of sermons, and other publications? They are extremely useful to keep up morale, and our people will help to spread them."

Von Moltke knew that Father Roesch had been active in anti-Nazi work since 1937, that he had secretly circulated papal encyclicals and German episcopal pronouncements forbidden by the Nazis.

Father Roesch asked whether assassination of Hitler was contemplated. "No," answered von Moltke. Father Roesch was glad to hear this. As a priest, he told me, he would never have consented to participate in a plot for assassination.

"How are conditions in your church?" Father Roesch asked von Moltke, a Lutheran. "Very bad," was the answer.

preparations for a system of law to be re-established after the Nazi Reich was dead. A detailed program for the trial of Nazi war criminals was drawn up, and we had all the legal plans for it. Discussion went on whether the trials would best be left to the Allies, entrusted to us Germans, or to an international court with German participation. The last became the final form on which the majority agreed. A full plan of a federal German state—a united but federalistic Germany—was drafted in detail."

A second group of men was busy preparing plans for social reconstruction, a third for the education of youth, and another was laying foundations for a new system of relations between the Church and state in Germany. Father Roesch was in the last group.

Forgotten Builders of New Germany

With so many worrying about
"Rightist" and Nazi leanings in
Germany, it is well to remember the
men whose ideas should count most

by **ANTHONY B. ATAR**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Wehrmacht can be paralyzed. This must end in a catastrophe."

Von Moltke prepared some food—hot soup and scrambled eggs. All sat down and the conversation went on. "Father, would you like to join our efforts to save Christianity in Germany?" asked the host. The priest answered that he would first need to know more about their organization.

Von Moltke then explained the methods and objectives of his underground group. "If Christianity in Germany is to be saved, plans have to be made right now. Should Hitler win the war, Christianity in Germany is doomed. But Hitler is mortal; he can die. And there is also a chance of Allied victory. We must get prepared for these possibilities, have an organization ready to take over as soon as Nazism crumbles."

Von Moltke described to the priest details of the network, the wide range of its membership, and said that Catholics, Protestants, leftists, and rightists were in it. "We must get active immediately, try to save whatever can be saved: churches, monasteries, people from concentration camps, give strength to those who without moral support

"All clergymen are in the army or in government service, and there is no one really on whom we can build. You Catholics are the only ones who have an unshaken church organization in Germany and in the world. In your Pope lies the main hope for saving Christianity."

Father Roesch consented to co-operate, and from then on his ties with Moltke became very close. "We were working in twos and threes, not more," the priest says. "It was very dangerous." This went on for over two years until early 1944 when von Moltke was seized, jailed, and eventually hanged in 1945. "I saw him for the last time in the fall of 1943," says Father Roesch.

"Our work was divided in two principal categories: one, the practical, everyday conspiratorial activity, and the other, preparations for the future. Our immediate task was to give strength to the people, warn and sometimes hide them in case of threatening arrest, to organize defense of churches, monasteries, and so forth, in case of Nazi plans to seize and confiscate them.

"In the work of planning, we had specialists in every field co-operating with us. One group was working on

"Our organization was helping the Jews to escape. We passed them on from one of our posts to the other until finally they were whisked away abroad. We also helped families in foreign countries to get news from war prisoners in Germany.

"Through our confidence men in the army, we succeeded in smuggling money, prayer books, and other help to clergy in Poland, France, Hungary, and other occupied countries.

"Regular meetings were taking place, each time in someone else's home. As a rule conversation at such meetings would be held for some time on quite general subjects, and only close to the end did we dare approach the main, secret topic of discussion. This was a security measure. In case we were caught, there should be no conflicting statements among us as to the subject of our conversation. In this way everybody could in clear conscience describe the first part of the meeting. The latter part of the session was of course top secret and never to be revealed."

I asked Father Roesch whether he could give me an example of his underground work, confined as it was to non-armed action. He described the follow-

ing story, typical of his group's action.

One night he received an urgent telephone call from a hospital summoning him to a sick person. He dashed there immediately but, to his surprise, was told by the nurse on duty that no patient was asking for a priest. He soon discovered, however, that his friend, Father Koenig, was waiting for him in a hospital room. This turned out to be the real reason for the urgent telephone call.

FATHER Koenig did not say much. He only took from his pocket a copy of a top-secret Nazi document. It came from Gauleiter Bohrmann's headquarters in Munich and contained an order to seize and confiscate all Catholic monasteries in Alsace-Lorraine. Father Roesch was horrified. He could not believe his eyes.

They sat for a while and wondered what to do. They knew that once the Alsace monasteries were seized, others in France, Holland, and Belgium would follow. On the success or failure of this first order of seizure depended the fate of all monasteries within Nazi reach. One had to act immediately. It was Wednesday night and the Nazi order was to be executed on the night of Sunday to Monday. They had barely four days at their disposal. Without receiving any explanation, Father Roesch was told that the matter could not be dealt with through the archiepiscopal office in Munich. This was out. He was to learn about the reason for this decision only many years later.

The only alternative was to visit the German bishop nearest to Alsace and induce him to act. The Bishop of Freiburg in Breisgau would be the man. The decision was made quickly. Both priests went home, changed into railroad workers' clothes, and so disguised boarded the first morning train to Stuttgart. Their workers' attire made them look inconspicuous and they got by the Gestapo.

That night they arrived at Stuttgart. Worried and depressed, they plunged into the darkness of a city which neither of them knew well. Fear of being stopped by police and discovery haunted them. Hiding in a dark cellar of a ruined building, they dozed for a while and then went to the station to catch the train to Freiburg. After a wearisome journey, they arrived in the early morning and went straight to the episcopal palace. On the Bishop's response hinged the whole issue. Would he accept the document as authentic, and then would he have the necessary courage to act?

Bishop Groeber was extremely surprised to see the two priests, whom he knew well, in such odd attire. He jok-

ingly addressed them as "gypsies." This was a good beginning, Father Roesch thought. The Bishop was in good humor and in a gay mood. In order to bring about a relaxed atmosphere, they joined in the jovial character of the conversation. Then, abruptly, they came to the point. Father Koenig produced the secret Nazi document from his pocket and read it aloud. "Well, this is it," said the Bishop, horrified. He feverishly grabbed for the paper to read it himself. Father Roesch stopped him short and warned: "You should not have this document in your hands even for a second. In case of investigation, you must be able to swear that you have never touched it." "What do you want me to do?" asked Bishop Groeber. Then, like a flash of inspiration, suddenly a whole plan came into Father Roesch's mind, an idea that had not been formulated during the whole long journey.

"Bishop," he began, "you must prepare yourself for the worst, possibly martyrdom. The thing you have to do, and immediately, is to make known to the Nazis that they have been uncovered, that the plan is no longer a secret. You should send fifteen telegrams of protest right away to all top Nazi leaders in the country—Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Goering, and the others—demanding cancellation of the order. They are fundamentally cowards and may yield. Second, you must send some men whom you can trust to all endangered places in Alsace and warn the local priests and people of the imminent danger so that on Sunday all monasteries will be surrounded by crowds waiting to defend them. This will make the Nazis think twice before they use force."

IT WAS agreed that within a week the Bishop would somehow let them know the outcome of the telegrams. Should the plan succeed, a postal card containing a gay description of good health and fine weather would be sent to Munich. In case of failure, one negative sentence in the message would announce the bad news.

The priests returned home. After a few days the anxiously awaited postcard came. With shaking hands they grabbed for it. The message was full of joy and spoke of good weather and happy days. It worked! The monasteries were saved!

The facts were that, after receipt of the telegrams, the Gestapo kept the whole of Alsace under thorough guard for six weeks, searching around and trying to find a clue to who could have captured the secret orders. But nothing leaked out.

After the war Father Roesch met a

young girl in a street of Munich. She stopped him and asked: "Are you Father Roesch who once proceeded to Freiburg in the question of monasteries and had telegrams sent to all Nazi bigwigs?" "Yes, I am," the priest answered. "Why do you ask me?" "Well," replied the girl, "I was the one who produced the secret Nazi document. I was employed at the Gestapo headquarters and was given the order of seizure to type. When I read its contents my head boiled, and I decided that as a Catholic I must do something about it. I prepared one extra carbon copy and passed it on to Father Koenig. This is how you got the document."

She described how mad the Nazi chieftains got after the telegrams started coming to each important office in the country. They made a thorough search at the Munich headquarters and made inquiries everywhere, but it happened that no one suspected the innocent-looking girl. She escaped safely. "Now, you understand," she concluded, "why I had asked that the matter be not raised through the archiepiscopal office in Munich. It would have been too obvious, and everybody would have been caught."

THIS is one example of many missions we had to perform," Father Roesch says. "I always had two rooms at my home where some endangered persons would sleep. In the latter stage of our work, I never spent two nights in succession at the same place. What made this work difficult for me," says the priest, "was the inner conflict in my soul which never left me. How far in good conscience can a Christian go in opposing his country's government during war? What are the bounds beyond which it becomes simple treason?"

"I have always envied the Poles, Dutch, Norwegians, or any people invaded by Germany," he says. "For them, at least, the issue was clear. They were fighting in defense of both Christianity and their country. The greatest motive for all of us anti-Nazi Germans was the fact that German victory was synonymous with destruction of Christianity in our country. But the conflict stayed with me until the day of my incarceration. It haunted me like a nightmare when I remembered that, while my own brother, a soldier, was fighting on the Russian front, I, a Catholic priest, was conspiring against the German war machine at home.

"Finally, the worst came," continues Father Roesch. "After the attack on Hitler's life on June 20, 1944, mass arrests began throughout Germany. No one was safe any longer. Count von Moltke and Father Delp were arrested. All our papers, blueprints, and notes

were seized and destroyed. Nothing was left of the arduous work and planning conducted for so many years and months. Everything was finished. We were defeated.

"Eventually, after months of hiding, on January 11, 1945—the day Father Delp and von Moltke were hanged—I was seized by the Gestapo. They took me first to Dachau and subsequently to the famous Moabit Prison in Berlin. There I stayed until a few hours before the Russians captured the town.

"My prison days were the finest moments of my priestly life," Father Roesch reminisces. "There I had the chance of bringing comfort to the dying, strength to those in despair. I found out that even among the SS guards there were human beings, Christians in some hidden corner of their hearts. Due to such individuals, I was able to say Holy Mass in my cell almost throughout my whole stay in prison. I had hosts, Mass wine, and a small missal smuggled into my cell. On a chair behind the prison cot I said Mass, concealed from the eyes of a possible Gestapo inspection.

"In a remarkable way all prisoners participated in the Holy Sacrifice. Before the Mass began I used to knock at the wall, and the signal would be passed on from cell to cell until the whole floor knew about it. All prisoners collaborated, and even the toughest atheists and Communists passed the message. A special code was established—one knock signified the beginning of the Mass, three knocks meant Consecration, and so on. In this way the whole prison was at the Mass in spirit and joined in the prayers.

I know that in a secret way Holy Communion was smuggled in by a woman messenger of Berlin's Cardinal von Preysing. Thus, many imprisoned Catholics could receive the Sacrament every day. They developed into true saints and died as martyrs.

"When the Russians were already in the streets of Berlin, the Gestapo began to liquidate the prisoners wholesale. Every day twenty or thirty persons were moved to the neighboring ruins and shot. I knew that such a moment would inevitably come also for us.

"One of the guards consented to help us. Under the impact of approaching defeat, the Nazi system was beginning to disintegrate and guards became less rigid in performing their functions. Soviet guns were thundering all over the city, and Berlin was in flames. Caught by demolition fire, we could have been burned and buried alive any time. There was not much time to lose.

"The guard opened my cell, and I waited for a moment to see whether an

official was nearby. Suddenly, I felt a distinct urge to leave the cell immediately, disregarding all precautions. As soon as I had gone and was in the prison corridor, a huge explosion rocked the whole building. One section of it, including my cell, was smashed to pieces and collapsed. God had again protected my life."

As destruction broke loose all around, and as the Russians were only a few hundred yards away, an even greater flock of prisoners escaped from their cells and gathered in the cellar. There Father Roesch said Mass openly before the crowd every day. Death was still close to them. The Gestapo could enter any minute, move the people away, and massacre them. Should the Russians capture the building, all anti-Communists would probably meet the same fate.

"Thus, trapped between two alternative threats of death, we waited in

got nervous and irritable. We felt like animals trapped in a cage of a burning circus. It was really absurd."

Then, suddenly Father Roesch decided to try once again. He asked the guard to let him go to the commandant, this time alone. While he was approaching the prison office, the official was just stepping out. They met in the corridor and the man said: "I am glad you came back, Father. I have just decided to let all of you go." The good news made Father Roesch motionless, and he stood there with his feet glued to the floor for a while. Both men had tears in their eyes. Without saying a word, he squeezed the commandant's hand. Then, like a child, he jumped with joy and made the flight of stairs in a few leaps. He shouted loud: "Halleluja, we are free; we can go."

Today Father Roesch rather dislikes to talk about these past days of danger and glory amidst sacrifice. It is like re-

St. Ludwig's is an isle of peace amid ruins



great tension. The only way of escape was to get out of the building right away as long as there was time."

The man in whose hands the prisoners' fate lay was the commandant of the prison. They decided to approach him. Four men were elected and entrusted with the task of negotiations—the seventy-six-year-old Socialist, Noske; Father Roesch; a Berlin underground leader, Dr. Hermes; and an army major. This odd assortment of men asked the guard to lead them to the commandant's office. Once face to face with the man himself, each of the emissaries produced his arguments. None of them seemed to work, however. The commandant was a disciplined official, and persuasion had little effect on him.

Gloomy and depressed, the four delegates came back down to the cellar with the disappointing message. While everybody sat waiting, time was passing by and danger coming ever closer. "The situation became intolerable. People

living the horrifying experience all over again. It causes almost physical pain. But his story will not die.

Torn between East and West, the Germans need desperately a new ideology and tradition on which to build if Communism or reborn Nazism is not to seize control of their frustrated hearts and minds. The Christian heritage of the forgotten German underground fighters should be brought back to life. The record of those who fought and died for a free, Christian, and democratic Germany should become an inspiration for the future and the foundation of a new German tradition of love of freedom. Helmut von Moltke, Father Alfred Delp, and other fallen heroes should be hoisted as prophets and the first pioneers of the young German democracy. Only on such a living legend rooted in the fire of sacrifice can the new ideology of free men be born in Germany. This seems to be the best answer to all isms.

DON'T let the lack of a college education give you an inferiority complex!

But if it has, there's still hope. Not long ago a young man holding down a mediocre office job solemnly told me that anyone without a college degree couldn't expect to get ahead. Discouraged, he had permitted himself to drift into a dead-end job. Whenever a flickering spark of ambition prompted him to browse through the Help-Wanted section of the local paper, he was stopped if there was any reference in the advertisement to "college education preferred." He could not bring himself to agree with my contention that properly qualified men, though lacking a university degree, are still nosing out college men in competing for important positions. He was firmly convinced that any attempt on his part to get a better job would be futile if college graduates were also competing for it.

Yet within six months after he had changed his opinion—within six months after he had established belief in his capabilities—that same young man (Arthur, we'll call him) was successful in obtaining a new position with a 48 per cent increase in salary.

What caused Arthur to do so abrupt an about-face in his job outlook? One day he was discussing his problem with a friend who was a sales manager. The talk veered toward selling, and Arthur expressed a casual interest in that field as a possible means of climbing out of his rut. On the advice of the sales manager, he enrolled for a course in selling and applied himself to acquiring an understanding of the basic principles. His interest was challenged, and part way through the course he attempted a bit of spare-time selling to test the effectiveness of what he had learned. He also applied the principles in daily conversations as a means of inducing his associates to agree with some of his opinions.

All this built confidence, but his chief interest still lay in the accounting work that was a feature of his job. Before long, he came upon an advertisement that seemed to offer just the opportunity he was seeking in that field. His study of selling had convinced him of one thing: few college graduates were so well equipped as he to present personal qualifications in a way that would stimulate the interest and win the nod of approval from prospective employers. Arthur's letter of application pulled a reply. During the interview, he was so successful in applying his newly acquired salesmanship principles to this problem of selling his own abilities that he obtained the position.

THAT College Complex

You may not have received a sheepskin from Yale nor toted a pigskin for Harvard, but you can still beat out a lot of college grads and maybe even marry the boss's daughter. Here's how

by J. HOWARD DONAHUE

If this were an isolated case, we might conclude that Arthur was an exceptional character and that his accomplishment has no bearing on our own problem. But instance after instance can be cited of noncollege men who are forging ahead.

No college complex stopped Henry from advancing in his chosen field—advertising. Lacking a degree, he attended special courses only long enough to get the background information that he felt was necessary for progress in his work. Now in charge of advertising for a multimillion dollar concern, Henry has been elected to the board of directors—many of whom are college graduates—and his opinions are listened to with respect by his colleagues.

At first glance, these two incidents may seem widely dissimilar. Henry knew what he wanted; Arthur was unsure of himself and of his ability. Yet each solved his problem by analyzing himself and his objectives. Each selected a goal that was challenging but not impossible of attainment. Both of them then took the steps necessary to improve themselves by acquiring the additional knowledge required to advance into the higher brackets of industry.

An equally effective three-step personal promotion program is worthy of your consideration. Adopt it to throw off the shackles of a college complex, to win a place for yourself when in competition with university graduates.

1. Have an exact goal for which you are aiming.

2. Recognize the knowledge required for each intermediate step leading toward that goal.

3. Determine to acquire that knowledge and, having acquired it, seek frequent opportunities to apply it.

Regardless of occupation or avocation, age or ability, why not now resolve to accept those basic steps as your pattern for achievement? True enough, some of us will probably find it more difficult than others to translate such recommendations into effective action. Analysis of self is seldom easy, but the task can be simplified and your course more surely chartered by asking yourself questions like these: What do I want to do? What do I need to know? How am I going to learn it? Where am I going to apply it? Jot down all the answers suggested by each question. Stick with this project over a period of several days—or weeks, if necessary—until you arrive at a series of answers that you consider acceptable. Some of the answers may appear to lead into a blind alley, but in other cases you'll probably be surprised by the unexpected choices of action that open up for you.

After the stimulation of achieving the first part-way goal, you'll be encouraged to progress from one plateau of accomplishment to another. There'll be college-trained competition all the way, but that doesn't deter the man who is motivated by faith in his own ability and has courage to act upon it.

George is a good example of this. Among the businessmen in your own town you probably know of at least one whose experience parallels his. When I first met him, he was branch manager of a small life insurance agency. No, George wasn't a college

graduate, and how he worked up to this branch managership isn't part of this story. Certainly such a job would satisfy the ambition of many men. But George was a builder. While building a career for himself, he built men also—by encouraging and advancing those who worked with him. I once asked one of his associates if he didn't expect that some day someone would bump George out of his job.

"George doesn't seem too worried about that, does he?" was the reply. "Those young men he has taken into the agency, some of them college graduates, are setting a fast pace, but George has his eye on something even higher."

Less than two years later, I read the announcement that George had been called to the home office of the company as a vice-president.

The business world likewise offers opportunities for recognition if you take part in those special activities that might be labeled extracurricular. When plans were being discussed for a five-state regional meeting of technical men,

the final session was to be a banquet addressed by a United States Senator who was to be introduced by the president of the state manufacturers' association. Speakers nationally known in their respective fields—most of them possessors of Ph.D. degrees—read papers at session after session. But the toastmaster for the final session was not picked from this group of college graduates. The young man chosen for that key spot in the program had carried his formal education no further than the commercial course of the local high school. Realizing the importance of being able to speak creditably before large groups, he had studied public speaking and then sought frequent opportunities to perfect himself in the art by appearing before various audiences.

Looking back on your own experience, you will probably find many practical wrinkles that are not taught in the textbooks. To the extent that you have acquired and applied such knowledge, you are superior to the col-

lege graduate who has yet to learn the "ropes."

But sooner or later you will be faced with the direct question as to whether you attended college. One of the cleverest and most successful salesmen I know has developed an answer that takes him out of the category of the person who did not go to college. He builds himself up by saying, "I can't claim the prestige of a university education, but acquiring knowledge about subjects with which I am unfamiliar has always been a hobby with me." And there are few subjects that he cannot discuss intelligently because of his continuing studies.

WE can take encouragement from these experiences, as they point to the fact that, basically, business demands accomplishment not academic degrees. You'll find equally inspiring examples of local business and tradesmen who have progressed through their own efforts. But little over a year ago a group of young men were discussing plans for a business. Two or three of them had worked in various divisions of a factory and they were thinking about starting their own plant.

Two college graduates were among the group—men with fine technical educations—but the man who sparked the idea, the man with the drive to get things accomplished, the one whom the others elected as their president—that man had barely a grade school education. The business prospered. This newly elected president has drawn other qualified men around him; nationally known executives are on his board of directors. He holds his own among these and other college men. Yet recently, he said to me, "My sons are going to college—they're not going to have the tough time I've had."

Does that comment defeat the thought behind this article? Not at all. For nothing said here can be interpreted as being against education. The easiest way to acquire education is by attending college. But if that has been impossible, there are other, equally effective ways of mastering knowledge. And only those who refuse to make the attempt are certain to be defeated.

If you should ever relapse into the unfortunate habit of deprecating your own abilities, recall how others—men no smarter than you—have won out by applying their knowledge to the problems confronting them. As Herbert Spencer so wisely wrote, "The great aim of education is not knowledge but action." The ideas here presented can serve as the basis of a plan of action awaiting only the personal application to your own life.



College-trained competition doesn't discourage the man who is motivated by faith in his own ability

*It was no use. Some-
thing had bogged down
between us*



This is IT

Somewhere there is a girl who can write a happy ending
for this story of a man who traded ideals for security

by **LESLIE GORDON BARNARD**

A LOT can happen in a very few days. You can meet the right girl, and you can lose her. I should know. The first time I saw this girl she was sitting at a table in Spinks' Grill with a magazine propped up in front of her. It was the lunch-hour peak and the grill was crowded, but there was an empty chair opposite her when I came in. I said, "Do you mind?" and she licked a polite half smile at me and went on with her reading. I ordered the Blue Plate Special: cutlets, french fries and broccoli. Just once she glanced up and our eyes met. This is it, I thought. Snub nose, dark brown hair, hazel eyes. Honest eyes, humorous. It all added up.

"Could I trouble you for the ketchup?" I asked. We juggled the bottle; our hands touched. A broad river of ketchup flowed over the page. We shared apologies and, with the bus-boy's help, mopped the stuff up.

"Well, there goes your story," I said. "It wasn't a very good one," she said.

"Tell you what I'll do," I promised. "I'll write you a better one."

"You . . . write stories?"

"I intend to some day."

"Why some day?"

"At the moment," I said, "I'm a ghost."

"A what?"—and then, "Oh!" she said.

"For a guy," I explained, "with lots of money, a big ego, and a small mind

full of half-baked ideas. I put them into one-syllable words and upward—so long as he can pronounce them. He loves sensation for its publicity value, makes speeches on the least provocation, and now and again hits one of the big slicks with a political nightmare. Name of Sprague," I told her, or words to that effect; that's near enough.

"His name; your words!" she nodded.

"It pays off," I said. "Folding money. The kind you use in stores and places."

"I'll watch out for him."

"Who?"

"This Sprague person."

"Forget the fellow," I said, "the name to remember is Dave Crane."

"Hi, Mr. Crane," she smiled.

"Dave," I said. "Mrs. Spink will vouch for my routine morals."

"My name is Smith."

"You wouldn't kid me?"

"Honest."

"What goes with it? That always seems important when it's Smith."

"Janey."

"Hi, Janey," I said.

It was like that. Kidding a bit, but the place suddenly shining and different; a new flavor to Spinks' Blue Plate Special and the potted geraniums glowing. It can happen that way.

"Someday," she said, "maybe I'll be sitting with a story of yours propped up in front of me."

ILLUSTRATED BY M. BOULDIN

"Could be," I smiled. "You eat here often?"

She shook her head. "Just lately."

"As from today," I said, "I am a regular client."

Next day she was there: same time, same table. She had a job, she told me, in an office building a few blocks away. I missed her for two days and then hit it right again. Or was it right? She had Sprague propped up in front of her.

"I found him," Janey said. Her voice sounded different; a bit flat, a little discouraged. "It's . . . cleverly written," she said.

I looked at the benighted thing, spread over two pages, with Sprague's name big-lettered and his picture at the top, heavy jawed and glowering impressively over his horn-rimmed glasses; and the inset with family—wife (smiling vaguely), daughter Joan (in shorts and halter, nursing a tennis racquet), plus the inevitable dog. I half expected Janey to say, "Who's the blonde job, and do you see much of her?" But what she said was, "In times like the present, men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and eternity." Unquote.

My grin fizzled out.

"I'll pass that on to Sprague," I said.

It was no use. Something had bogged down between us. Her opinion of Sprague was clear, and a man is known by the company he keeps. She sat there trying to smile across at me the same as ever, but there was Sprague between us. There was the irresponsible bag of wind I had palmed off on the public as a bright balloon. I'd never been particularly proud of the act, but up to this date it had at least seemed competent and colorful.

Spinks came over.

"Anything wrong with the food, folks?"

"Nothing," I said.

"We guarantee the food here," Spinks reminded me. "Don't pay if you don't like it." From the cash desk Mrs. Spinks made faces to call him off. Janey picked at her salad and finished her coffee. They were busy at the office, she explained, and she must get on back. I was left with Sprague. With only a potted geranium and a bottle of ketchup for audience, I said aloud, "Janey, it wasn't this guy Sprague you quoted that for."

I got up and slapped down some money in front of Mrs. Spinks. I took Sprague out with me, pushed him into the nearest waste receptacle, and punched him down. Then I headed for the Sprague mansion.

My employer swallowed a growl at sight of me.

"You're late," he said.

"So I've been told."

He gave me another look and let it go. He needed me. He needed me like McCarthy needs Bergen. He said, "We'd better get started on that next one."

I said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Sprague, I'm afraid I'm not in it."

"Not in what?"

"The next one—and thereafter."

"I don't get it."

"I'm hunting me another job," I said.

It rocked him for a moment. He jerked off his horn-rimmed glasses, made a couple of passes with them in the air, then put them on again and relaxed a little.

"If it's money . . ." he began.

"It's not money," I said.

He got angry then; he was a man who liked his own way. I waited for him to quiet down a bit. He looked incredulous still, and baffled, and somehow I felt good. I wished Janey could have been here. "You can't do this to me," he said. He always used all the tags; they stuck to him like burrs. I could have told him, "What you mean is you can't do this without me." What I said was, "Sorry, Mr. Sprague, but I'm just through, that's all. I'll send around for my typewriter and things." I walked out.

"NOT here yet," Mrs. Spinks informed me next day. "I've had Spinks keep the table for you."

She was more optimistic than I was. A half hour slid by. No Janey. Then I caught my breath. You wouldn't call Janey pretty; she was something more. I saw the green suit with Janey in it come along the street, in the door, and then she was heading for our table. Mrs. Spinks beamed at sight of her, Mr. Spinks himself ran to hold her chair, and half the men in the place stopped reading their noon editions. Janey sat down, drew off her gloves, and shot me a hopeful little smile. I waited until she had ordered, wanting to spill my news and yet not wanting to either.

"I'm glad I found you here," she said. "There's something I want to—tell you. I've the chance of another job. Only it's out of town."

"Oh, no!"

"Why not?" Janey asked.

"Well, why not?"

"It's a good job," Janey said.

"What's good about it?"

"Money, amongst other things," Janey

said. "The kind you use in stores and places." She was teasing me, and yet not teasing me. I knew, from her voice, from her look. I said, "Listen, Janey, I've got a new job, too. But not out of town."

"Oh?" She leaned forward a little, so I knew I mattered that much. I had begun to wonder how much I mattered.

"Writing," I told her. "For me, myself, David Crane—the guy you see sitting opposite you—the ketchup-spilling goon. I shall be self-respecting and probably poor. If it's any comfort to you, the Sprague spoils are already down the come-easy-go-easy drain."

Janey Smith put out a hand, impulsively, missed the ketchup bottle and touched mine. The thin sunlight coming through the Spinks' Grill windows turned suddenly warm, and all the geraniums perked up their little heads.

Spinks came over. "Glad to see the food's satisfactory today, folks," he nodded.

"Sure," I said, "it's fine, Mr. Spinks; it's out of this world."

I walked as far as her office building with Janey and waved to her. She hadn't mentioned the out-of-town job again. I was treading air. When we got married, I thought, taking the leap like a colt on a spring day, we'd go off to some place pictorial and preferably inexpensive—the kind of place you read about and don't often find. I browsed along the street and stopped in front of a travel agency window, full of pictures and folders and some single and return fare quotations tastefully displayed to catch the eye. So what do you use for money? I asked myself. Maybe, fellow, you should have hung on to some of the Sprague spoils. . . .

That same evening Sprague called me. I told him nothing doing. Politely but firmly. Joan called me. Ditto. I went out and let the telephone ring its fool head off. I had renounced Sprague and all his works, hadn't I? About half-past-eight next morning it rang again. And at a quarter to nine. At nine I answered it.

"Look, my boy"—Sprague's voice was butter—"I've got to see you."

"Television isn't installed here yet," I said.

He laughed, too heartily. "That's how you do it," he said.

"Do what?"

"Put the punch in things."

"I'm seldom at my best before nine," I said.

It was a queer feeling talking to Sprague that way; he always expected to be deferred to. I waited for him to explode, but he didn't explode. He

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could go get him another ghost, but the process might be painful and delaying: He wanted me back. I'd been over the jumps with him; I was housebroken; I knew my way 'round in his mind. So he kept spreading the butter. I should have known it was his most dangerous mood. Also, he was a man who believed that every man had his price. But he was too shrewd to talk money yet. It was what I owed him. Surely I owed him a little consideration. I couldn't just walk out and leave him flat without at least tipping off a possible successor to a few things. That he would like to discuss with me, at least. Well, it added up; it made sense.

"Okay, Mr. Sprague," I said, "I'll be around." I figured I could handle him now.

That was my mistake.

When I met Janey at lunchtime next day she knew. I don't know how she guessed. I suppose I was uneasy and showed it, and then the whole thing had to come out. I tried to explain, "It's just a sort of cleanup for the old boy. You know—two or three things, more or less with their keels already laid before I left." I tried to keep it light and casual. "Never start anything you can't finish," I pointed out.

Some salt had spilled. Janey made little runnels through it with her finger.

She said at last, "At a price?"

"Fabulous," I said, and caught my breath, thinking of Sprague's proposition, of what it would do for us.

She just sat there then. I don't think she was even judging me; that wouldn't be like Janey. It was just that we weren't talking the same language. I was just a guy she happened to meet at a table at Spinks' Grill and, after an electrical moment or two, the switch was cut off. I said desperately, "Look, Janey, it's just for these two or three items he wants to get shaped up. Then I'll really give him the brush-off. I'll tell him I'm through for keeps. And, well, we'll be in clover."

Janey got up. She said, "I hope you like clover."

There might have been a catch in her voice, but I couldn't detect it from where I was sitting. She wasn't any pushover, Janey Smith. She had a mind of her own, and her straight back dared me to follow. I sat there glumly until it was too late. Then I got mad, covering my hurt. Who did she think she was? I had a right to my own decisions, hadn't I?

That, of course, worked both ways. But I was on my own now. I went out and snared a taxi.

When I arrived the Sprague butler said, "Mr. Sprague is expecting you,

Mr. Crane." I walked on in. Sprague was crisp, but affable enough. He had me again. He held some disjointed notes and memoranda under my nose so I could get the smell of things again. I saw the relief in his face because I could, by intimate experience, so glibly transcribe the incoherent shorthand of his ideas into something plausible. I went out to my typewriter in the big sun porch and started in. It was no go. I stared blankly out at the smooth lawns beyond and the bees bumbling in the flowers. I kept seeing Janey Smith. I went and told Sprague I'd have to leave it for the moment; the stuff wasn't flowing.



Book Learning

"We are giving Edgar every encouragement in his stamp collecting," a proud mother explained. "His father and I agree that it's a very educational pastime."

Introducing her nine-year-old son to the visitor, she said proudly:

"Edgar, tell Mrs. Brown where Hungary is."

Brightly, the junior philatelist replied:

"Two pages in front of Italy."

—Anthony Perrone

Mrs. Spinks informed me, when I showed up next day, "She's already been and gone. She seemed in rather a hurry."

"If she comes tomorrow," I said, "tell her I won't be in for lunch."

Mrs. Spinks put her head on one side, deprecatingly.

"You want I should tell her that?"

"Why not?" I said.

"The question is yours," Mrs. Spinks said. She folded her arms and watched me through the door. So she's all for Janey, I thought, and I'm a heel.

I shouted a taxi to the curb and gave the Sprague address. I breezed through the door and out to the sun porch, and my typewriter took an awful beating. It was slick stuff, smooth, plausible, and with the trick of making it sound like Sprague. It wasn't dynamite, but it was a silly brand of poison, brewed out of the half truths a man

can peddle when he cares more for sensation than soundness, more for publicity than public order, and more for his own prejudices than for humanity.

Out by the tennis court, beyond the tailored stretch of lawn, Joan was backhanding shots against the practice wall. I told myself, "The real reason Janey walked out on you isn't this"—I riffled the sheets in front of me—"it's just the old story of blonde against brunette. She saw the picture and she thinks it's really this blonde job pulling you back." I felt better for the lie. I tapped away harder. It came out smooth as silk for a minute or two; then the machine began to stammer.

I got up. I took the pages I had written and hunted up Sprague.

"Well, my boy," he sucked comfortably at his cigar, "how goes it?"

I said, "Like this." I took the sheets and tore them in two. I said, "Mr. Sprague, in times like the present men should utter nothing for which they would not willingly be responsible through time and eternity." I think he swore at me. I walked away. I went and collected my things and told the butler to get me a cab. Joan Sprague waylaid me in the hall; she had come in and overheard. She said, "Where did you get all that high-sounding stuff?"

"From a girl," I said, "with a snub nose and brown hair and honest eyes."

"They're not her words," Joan said.

"So what if they were Lincoln's?" I said. "It's in the public domain."

"Don't be a complete fool, darling," she urged me.

"We must be as God made us," I said, "or must we?"

Joan smiled.

"You'll be back," she told me.

I have never been back. I'd like Janey Smith to know that. I checked with Mrs. Spinks, who only spread her hands and said, "It was your own idea I should tell her. Yes? Well, I told her. She doesn't come here any more to lunch." I checked at the old office, but they said she'd taken her chance at a new job somewhere out of town and was gone. No address.

The name is Janey Smith. Snub nose, dark brown hair, hazel eyes. Go on and tell me there are thousands of them. This one will know if she happens on this. She's the Janey Smith who said maybe some day she'd be sitting with a story by a guy named David Crane propped up in front of her.

This is the story, Janey.

Good luck to you, Janey. If you think it worth-while to get in touch with a reformed ghost, just drop me a line in care of this magazine.



by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

Pay Dirt or Justifiable Criticism?

Are not the species of newspaper writers known as "gossip columnists" often guilty of grave sins of detraction? Writers who are paid to reveal the lapses of those working in the glare of public attention certainly do not do so for the common good. In conscience, can a Catholic earn his living as a columnist of this sort?—E. J., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

The sin of detraction is committed by the unjustifiable revelation of a person's real, verifiable faults; if the faults be alleged untruly, the sin is that of calumny. Obviously, calumny is as intrinsically wrong and unallowable as any other form of lying. In fact, next to perjury, it is the most sinful species of lying, because malicious—that is, injurious to another.

The outcome of libel suits exemplifies that, at times, public writers are guilty of grave detraction or even calumny. However, it can easily be that columnists and the like, as "servants of the public," are justified in revealing the faults and verifiable unreliability of a person, such as a public officeholder or office-seeker. The same justification might apply to the debunking of an overly glamorized movie star, if mistakenly regarded by teen-agers and others as a model of commendable living. In given circumstances, the columnist may be not only justified but even obligated because of the common good. Such cases of criticism would not constitute sinful detraction.

Morbid Advertising

Are advertisers not obliged to observe the dictates of morality in connection with honesty and modesty?—F. H., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Advertising concerns and individuals enjoy no dual personality, whereby they are obliged to be moral in their private lives, though not obligated in their business capacity.

To an extent, dishonest and indecent publicity—whether oral, or textual, or pictorial—is proscribed by civil law. Postal regulations are, perhaps, the outstanding example of due conservatism. Occasionally, the enthusiastic boastfulness of an advertiser is modified officially—for example, by enforced distinction between a product as merely water-resistant and as literally waterproof. However, modern advertising suffers less from dishonesty by way of exaggeration than from pictorial indecency.

As for the pictorial displays which so characterize today's

advertising, much is absurd, some vulgar, some out-and-out indecent. Rather than legal regimentation, perhaps the most corrective measure would be concerted and persistent criticism on the part of a disgusted public. The February issue of *Reader's Digest* (page 148) featured a rather racy but well-pointed indictment of vulgar and indecent ads, in what may be termed "a reduction to true absurdity." The caricature cited above might well be rounded out by a reminder of the embarrassment and resentment engendered by such ads among wholesome people, for, by implication, prospective customers are rated as moronic or morbid.

On this and allied subjects, a "New England conscience"—in the old-fashioned Puritanical sense—is one extreme; the current vogue is an opposite extreme. The psychology of advertising dictates that customers' attention be arrested quickly, agreeably, impressively, and persuasively. But, since there is no connection whatever between most advertised products and the sex appeal keynoting the ads, the insinuation of sex seems pointless and psychologically unsound. Whether among magazine readers or subway and bus riders, if sensibilities be not offended to the point of embarrassment and resentment, attention is more likely to focus upon advertising bait than upon the ad itself.

Advertisers are definitely answerable, in the forum of conscience, when they circulate publicity that is dishonest or indecent. Apropos of the latter, every normal conscience, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, is aware that there is such a thing as internal sin—nonetheless displeasing to God because indulged within the privacy of a mind and heart. When indecent ads are the occasion of such sin, the guilt is shared by those who circulate the occasion. "Woe to that man by whom scandal cometh" (Matt. 18:17).

St. Christopher Legendary?

Is it true that the Pope recently proclaimed that St. Christopher is merely a legendary figure, and actually there is no such saint?—G. T., LOWELL, MASS.

It is one thing for legendary details to become engrafted upon a person's history, quite another for the substance of that history to be untrue. Although very little biographical detail is available on St. Christopher, it is certain that he was a Christian martyr; the essentials of his record date back to the earliest centuries. Hence, the answer to the twofold question is: No.

Be Not Gullible, But Incredulous!

It is impossible for many to understand the broad viewpoint the Church has taken in the Bergman-Rossellini affair. How can he be entitled to an annulment? "A Catholic newspaper and Walter Winchell have said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." But, as a Catholic, I have been taught: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." "Blessed are the clean of heart." "Woe to the world because of scandals!" Is not our Church contradicting her teaching by upholding these two?—A CONFUSED AND DISGUSTED MOTHER, PECKVILLE, PA.

A confused mind is not yet entitled to disgust, which should be preceded by clarity and conviction. We have received a flurry of letters *re* Bergman-Rossellini. It is disturbing to observe the gullibility of some Catholics, who so readily make an act of human faith based upon nothing better than unreliable, garbled newspaper flashes. We have reason to think that, with some, superficial knowledge and thinking is chronic. As a remedy we prescribe an attentive reading of diocesan newspapers.

It is not broadmindedness in the ultraliberal sense of the

term that the Church permits or even insists upon the Catholic baptism and education of the so-called love child in this case. The Church insists also upon reliable sponsors. Even an illegitimate parent has obligations toward his offspring. A Catholic baptism in such a case bespeaks no endorsement whatever of the parents' conduct.

The rumors as to an annulment by the Church are without foundation. In Austria, the locale of his previous marriage, Rossellini has obtained a civil annulment. It is understandable that he would wish there were a loophole whereby he might obtain an ecclesiastical annulment and even that he would investigate the possibilities. However, nothing follows as to an actual or probable or even possible annulment.

Prescinding from the unwarranted hue and cry on that score, we should remember that the quotation: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," is from the mouth of Our Lord Himself. He did not thereby condone sinfulness. He merely condemned hypocrisy. And some of the ado about this case is not without hypocrisy, coming as it does from elements who, having scuttled the mandates of Christ as to the sacredness of marriage, openly advocate divorce and remarriage—even when preceded by adulterous free love.

It can be said, without semblance of subterfuge, that the Church is in no way "upholding these two." As for being "questioned and ridiculed" by your non-Catholic acquaintances, a rudimentary knowledge of Catholic principles, coupled with an accurate knowledge of case histories, would suffice to cope with both the questions and the ridicule. In untangling marital snarls, it must be kept in mind that a resemblance of circumstances among several cases does not constitute identity of circumstances. Among the cases you have listed is that of Tyrone Power, discussed thoroughly and lucidly in the "Sign Post" of April, 1949. Even the Marconi case, threadbare though it is from repetition, was presented four months later. As for the legitimacy of the recent marriage of Mayor O'Dwyer of New York City—even the secular press made it reasonably clear.

To conclude: If any couple be married invalidly, each is free to remarry; "what God hath (not) joined together, no man puts asunder." It would be edifying to Catholics as well as non-Catholics to realize the percentage of annulment petitions rejected by diocesan courts and by the Roman Rota, despite the wealth and social prestige of the petitioners, and the percentage of successful appeals submitted by obscure people of ordinary circumstances. We might mention, too, the edifying number of cases which, when need be, are handled gratis, despite the ramified work entailed. It is unfortunate and misleading that, so often, the marital problems of prominent people are publicized with a cheapening notoriety and with ludicrous inaccuracy. This type of publicity includes even the recent quotes from Roberto's brother Renzo, as well as the newspaper sob story presenting Roberto, Jr., as the love child and masterpiece of procreative urge.

Late Vocations

Many women—neither young nor old, and widows among them—would like to spend the remainder of their lives as members of a religious community. Is this possible?—
R. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

As a general rule, candidates for the religious life are not acceptable after the age of twenty-five. By that time, character, temperament, and habits have become more or less inflexible. Pliability is essential, in order that a person adapt himself or herself to a new pattern of living. This pliancy is especially necessary for community life.

Depending upon the merits and unusual promise of individuals, exceptions are made. Among "late vocations" some

have proven to be outstandingly successful, both in religious life and in the priesthood. Mother Seton was a widow when she founded the American Sisters of Charity. We recommend that, directly or through your confessor, you address your inquiry to the Superior of the Community to which you are attracted.

Double Vocation

*Please explain how a man and wife can separate to enter monastery and convent as in the Foster case.—*J. N.,
BATAVIA, N. Y.

This type of separation is not only exceptional but rare. Permission must be obtained from both diocesan and religious superiors. The marriage bond is not thereby dissolved, but this unique separation implies the voluntary renunciation of mutual rights for the sake of a nobler supernatural purpose—the undistracted pursuit of personal holiness and the radiation of that benefit to other souls. The daughter of the Fosters is no longer dependent upon parental assistance—she is of age and is herself a professed religious. As quoted in *Time* (January 16), Mrs. Foster stated her attitude very simply in words to this effect: Since she considered it only proper to sacrifice her husband during wartime, for the sake of country, why not now, out of regard for God?

Smut

*Why is it that otherwise good people, during a highball party, resort to low and repulsive storytelling? In not contributing my quota, am I prudish? I am made to feel like a wet blanket.—*M. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A wet blanket is just the thing for a smoldering fire. Judging by the details in your letter, you are neither prude nor prig. We should, of course, distinguish between anecdotes that are only vulgar and such as are smutty. Whether stimulated by alcohol or not, women who are also ladies may occasionally relate a vulgar story; so, too, men who are also gentlemen. But ladies and gentlemen "draw the line" in mixed company, or/and when the vulgar deteriorates to the smutty. If need be, boycott your men and women friends who habitually so lapse as to forfeit their identity as ladies and gentlemen. Smutty stories can be like mud flung at a wall—most of it dries up and falls off, but some is bound to stick.

Atheistic Thoughtlessness

*Enclosed article from a popular magazine puzzles me. I attend a public high school, and non-Catholic friends ask me what the Church says on the subject.—*R. B.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

If at all feasible, transfer to a Catholic high school. Religious instruction under the release-time system is but a poor substitute for normal Catholic education. The magazine from which you culled the article is not popular with readers who prefer to think as they read. As for the anonymous, atheistic author, he is in a tragic state of mind, the more so because of his smugness, and is very much to be pitied! Could we identify him, we would treat him to a copy of *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, a book that will never be out of date. The author is John L. Stoddard; the publisher, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, of New York City. You might ask for this book at your nearest Catholic library and circulate it among your non-Catholic friends. A thoughtful reading will counteract the specious arguments of this thoughtless atheist.

Space limitation precludes a lengthy, adequate comment upon this harmful diatribe. We can direct your attention to only a few, typical flaws. To state as a creed: "I don't believe in God," and then add, "The Constitution and I

figure that's my own business," is a distorted interpretation. The American Constitution, as supplemented by the Bill of Rights, outlaws the enforced establishment of any one religion, but does not thereby abet atheism or irreligion. Rather, many features characterize this country as religious—for example, the tenor of civil and criminal laws, the observance of Thanksgiving Day, the motto inscribed on our specie—"In God We Trust." His disbelief in God is, indeed, "his own business"—his own responsibility. St. Paul the Apostle stigmatizes the atheist—not for a want of faith, but for a want of honest thinking and intellectual conviction: "For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: His eternal power also and divinity, so that they are inexcusable." (Romans 1:20). By faith, we accept on the assurance of someone else a truth which we cannot establish by human reason. But human reason can, successfully and with comparative ease, prove the existence of God as a Supreme Being, as the perfectly perfect Cause of all creation. Hence, the Psalmist indicts the atheist as a fool, as guilty of wishful thinking: "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God."

With Anonymous and with Atheist Scott of FCC notoriety, we agree that there are many evils in our world. But that admission does not reflect upon the attributes of God—His wisdom, power, and goodness. Today's world is not as God made it or preferred it to be, but as man himself has spoiled it, by original sin and by personal sin. Were the Almighty to prevent the evils wrought by beings whom He created free, what a hue and cry would be evoked by such intervention!

It is, perhaps, excusable that Anonymous, as a boy of twelve, believed his very ignorant elders, who alleged that a certain faithful churchgoer could not go to heaven because "the priest hadn't been able to talk over her before she died." But, at the age of forty-one, it is moronic to assert: "It is clear now that the existence of God is neither possible nor necessary." If the existence of God be necessary, then it is both possible and actual. That the Almighty exists necessarily is obvious, for otherwise we have a worldful of effects without an adequate cause to account for their existence and interrelation.

Anonymous considers worship wrong inasmuch as born of fear and ignorance. Wholesome, filial fear is normal and in all probability he fosters that type of fear in his two children; if not, they are likely to become alumni of some State or Federal pen. Anonymous' four years in college have left him thoroughly uneducated; his mind is obviously superficial, illogical, and abysmally ignorant on a subject which rates a priority of attention. We worship God, not because we fear some unknown factor which must be catered to, but because of convictions as to a very knowable and lovable God. Even when we accept mysteries as true, by way of faith, our act of faith is defensible *rationality*. In conclusion, we advise that you refrain from reading dangerous trash; that you read up studiously on the what's and why's of your Catholic faith—"being ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you." (1 Peter 3/15) And pray for poor Anonymous, and for his benighted wife and children!

Cosmetics

Is it sinful for a girl to use cosmetics?—T. M., UNION CITY, N. J.

Not necessarily. To make oneself presentable, even to enhance one's attractiveness, is not sinful unless done reprehensibly—in a spirit of vanity or for the purpose of enticement.

The use of cosmetics seems rather to be plumb silly. Presumably,

those of the beautiful sex do not need artificial supplements such as rouge, lipstick, and nail polish. Vogue is no norm to become enslaved to when it popularizes the artificial. However, it would take considerable courage, nowadays, for a girl to be just herself—despite vogue and pressure advertising.

Secondhand Information

Is it a wise God Who requires man to worship Him, but gives him nothing more than secondhand information?—R. H., CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Presumably, you do not refer to the quality of the information revealed by God, but rather to the fact that His revelation to the human family at large has been made through the instrumentality of a chosen few as spokesmen—such as the prophets of the Old Testament era and the Apostles of the New Testament period.

Were God's revelation made to each one of us individually, it would be a case of immediate or direct revelation; actually, it is mediate or indirect. Properly understood, the term "secondhand" would be synonymous with "mediate" and "indirect." However, according to understood connotation, the term "secondhand" would be improper when applied to revelation which is nonetheless divine because made indirectly. An insinuation seems inherent to the effect that God's revelation is, to some extent or other, lacking in reliability and credibility.

Just because God is all wise, He has always ratified His messages to man by furnishing to His spokesmen the credentials known as miracles and prophecy. This is true even of the preparatory, Old Testament. A major percentage of the New Testament has been revealed *directly* by God Himself Incarnate Who, addressing Himself to those inclined to incredulity, challenged them: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe Me not" (John 10:37). Since miraculous credentials are divine, they amply suffice to merit the consequent faith of any normal person.

Marital Affinity

Is it possible for one to marry a brother-in-law or sister-in-law, after the death of husband or wife, without a dispensation? If so, why did Henry VIII claim that his marriage to Catherine was invalid?—J. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Affinity is a relationship based upon a valid marriage and exists between a husband and the blood relatives of his wife, and between a wife and the blood relatives of her husband. This affinity constitutes an invalidating impediment to marriage in all degrees of the direct line and in the collateral line to the second degree inclusively. Hence, a dispensation is necessary, not only for a lawful but for even a valid marriage. The dispensation is granted for sufficient reason and provided there is no suspicion of criminal conspiracy or danger of scandal.

Henry VIII, notorious founder of the Church of England, was married validly to his sister-in-law, Catherine of Aragon, because Catherine's first husband, Howard, was dead and because a Papal dispensation had been granted. Later on, when Henry became enamored of Anne Boleyn, he did advance the claim that his marriage to Catherine had been invalid. He based the claim upon the allegation that the marriage had been arranged for him by others and upon confusion incidental to the issuance of two writs of dispensation. The first writ had been sent more or less privately to Catherine's mother, Isabella of Spain; the second was a public document and was publicized prior to the marriage to which he unquestionably assented.



Chicago Tribune photo

Seated, left to right: Sid Johnson and R. Baccus. Others are policemen.

A Chicago Murder

by ADOLPH SCHALK

Though two Negro boys were indicted for murder, the author reveals many others who should share the guilt

PROLOGUE: When a policeman was shot and killed by two teen-aged boys in Chicago last September 20, it was only another Chicago murder. Chicago daily papers (which are universally regarded as the worst in the country) in their usual fashion let the blood drip in their readers' coffee. All the sensational elements of the story—the midnight scene, the tavern, the spray of bullets, the grotesque background of shadowy industries—all were present.

The context of the crime, the background that alone could give meaning to the story, was left out. What were the living conditions in which these killers were produced? What was their education like, their family life? Where did they learn that secret, sinister, diabolical courage that it takes to kill a man? The papers—absorbed by the bloody and sentimental—did not tell.

The Chicago dailies ignored the grief of the boys' parents—it was difficult to

determine from the news accounts whether they had parents at all.

There was an overuse of the word "Negro" to identify the boys. In one story this identification was repeated four times.

The dailies omitted or hid the fact that the policeman had called the boys "niggers" before they shot him. Though this by no means justifies the crime, it is certainly an important and significant element of the story and should have been retained.

There was no attempt made to show how the general attitude of the police toward Negroes in the area of the killing has and is breeding hatred and animosity among them.

The Negro papers, on the other hand, overplayed their sympathy for the killers.

In an attempt to learn the causes of the killing, I made an extensive investigation of the case. From the police, from social workers, from Friendship

House, which is located in the vicinity, from a public school principal, from friends and enemies of the boys, and from their parents, from the boys themselves, I tried to gather the significant facts of the story that the daily papers omitted. The following is my report of "just another Chicago murder. . ."

It takes many hours to manufacture a gun. It takes many years to produce a potential killer. But it takes only a moment to say a word that will unite the two irrevocably in murder, touching countless lives with grief.

The gun, the killers, the moment were all ready for Policeman David F. Keating when he stopped to question two boys about 1:00 A.M. last September 20. Keating cursed the boys and asked, "What are you niggers doing out this time of morning?"

A moment later he lay dying on the sidewalk, the victim of a spray of bullets fired by one of the lads. In less than fourteen hours, the two boys,

Roosevelt Baccus and Sidney Johnson, had surrendered to the police and confessed the murder.

"I don't excuse the boys from blame," said Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Sidney's mother. "They need to be punished for what they did. But no Negro can stand that word. It takes him back to slavery days.

"You can stand there and call me 'nigger' all you want to. It don't make any difference to me. But most Negroes ain't like me. Sure they call each other 'nigger,' but watch out for the white man that dares use that word."

From the streets near Root and La-Salle where the killing took place, "that word" takes on the meaning of new and modern slavery. Chicago housing authorities call the district one of the city's worst square miles.

Typical is Otto Rohadfox's drab two-story tenement at 3842 S. State Street. Smelly as an outhouse, each floor contains sixteen two-room, fiberboard units. The rooms are six' by eight feet.

These stalls rent to families at \$16.70 per week. One bathroom and one small coal stove serve stall dwellers on each floor. There are no windows. The end stall on the second floor is occupied by two children and seven adults.

White men who live close to this ghetto area patronize the all-white Pabst Blue Ribbon tavern at Wentworth and Root. Here two policemen discussed the Keating tragedy.

"Were you here the night Keating got shot?" a bystander asked one of the officers.

"I wasn't, but he was," the policeman said, pointing to the officer at his side.

"That sure was something," one of the policemen said. "Keating didn't have a chance. Those dirty black—. They've got it coming to 'em. I wish to God Keating had got 'em first."

JUST a few steps from the same tavern, Policeman Keating, thirty-four, had walked to his death. Chatting with two friends, he noticed two boys carrying a long package. "What the devil? Is it a shotgun?" said Keating. "I'm going to talk to them."

With a warning to "be careful," the two men entered the tavern as Keating talked to the boys. In a moment he lay dying, while the youths fled on foot through alleys. Under a porch they shook hands over a crucifix Johnson had been wearing, pledging that Baccus should confess the shooting because he was "too young for the chair."

By 11:00 A.M. the boys surrendered voluntarily to Police Detective Lester Davidson, because he had befriended them and they felt he would give them fair treatment. The boys asked not to be taken to the Stockyards police sta-

tion (mostly white) but to Davidson's station on Stanton Avenue (mostly colored).

The police worked fast. Ballistics tests were planned. The boys were given paraffin tests to determine whether they had fired guns recently. Even without this evidence, the grand jury voted murder indictments, three and a half hours after the boys surrendered.

At the Keating home, 7839 S. Kostner, the widow of the slain policeman and her four children, aged seven months to seven years, were bewildered. As she lay prostrate on a sofa, Mrs. Dorothy Keating, thirty-three, said over and over, "What am I going to do now? What will I do?"

In the Johnson home a worried mother tried to catch up with her housekeeping. "When they took my boy away I just let everything go. I didn't cook. I just couldn't do anything," said Mrs. Johnson.

"All I ask," she said, "is that the boys don't get the electric chair. I feel

• Trying to build the brotherhood of man without the Fatherhood of God is like trying to make a wheel without a hub.

—IRENE DUNNE

worse about the poor widow who lost her husband and her kids than I do about my son being in jail. I know that most mothers want to say their kids are good even if they are bad, but I can truly say that my boy was a good boy at home. I can't say how he was in the streets, but I know he always respected me.

"I never had trouble with Sidney until not so long ago when he started goin' 'round with bad company. Then I started worrying because I knew something was going to happen. I can't sleep or eat no more. I can't worry. All I can do is pray."

On the kitchen wall these words were framed in big, faded letters: "God bless our home. He never fails." Just about everything else had already failed Mrs. Johnson. The lawyer who was to defend Sidney dropped the case because she had no money. Another son, Clarence, lost his job because of the murder publicity.

With thirty cents left, too ill to work, a sickly mother to care for, a grown daughter who can't find work, spindly-framed Mrs. Johnson didn't know what to do. "I pray and try to be brave."

Two blocks from the Johnsons' ramshackle, soot-black home, at decaying Hartigan elementary school, one of the directors offered some explanation of the neighborhood that had produced the two killers.

"The schools simply don't meet the children's needs," he said. "People wonder why the children from this neighborhood grow up to be dope addicts, killers, delinquents, carriers of disease. The community as a whole is really to blame.

"DO they look at the neighborhood? The houses? The terrible lack of facilities? There are no playgrounds for blocks, no recreational facilities, the housing is despicable. Most of all there is little disciplinary training, no character development, complete absence of moral responsibility."

In their prison cells, Roosevelt Baccus (IQ 75—"sub-normal") and Sidney Johnson (IQ 80—"dull") do not know what made them killers. When asked why he liked guns, Sidney said he wanted to be a soldier or a policeman because "they're pretty important."

Asked why he shot Policeman Keating, Sidney answered, "When he called me 'nigger,' I forgot everything else, fumbled for a minute while he asked me more questions, pulled my gun from my pocket, and let him have it."

"All the facts justify the extreme penalty," Assistant State's Attorney Edwin T. Breen told reporters when asked if the electric chair would be sought for the killers. "A policeman," he said, "in full uniform and on duty, was shot down and killed before he had a chance to reach for his revolver. He leaves a wife and four little children. What do you think?"

As a crime preventive, the death penalty has been tried before. Last January, for instance, one policeman was killed and another injured by Raymond Polenki, nineteen, now awaiting the electric chair. At that time State's Attorney Boyle said, "We want to get more death penalties. They have a good effect on some persons and make them not so trigger happy."

As Roosevelt Baccus and Sidney Johnson await trial for the merciless shooting of Policeman Keating, State's Attorney Boyle has a chance to seek two more executions as examples to would-be criminals.

As to the other accomplices before the fact—gun salesmen who aren't too careful how they sell their wares, landlords greedy for profit at the expense of fellow human beings, those who poison minds with race hate, complacent members of the community as a whole—about these Mr. Boyle made no comment.

But these accomplices are still at large.

ADOLPH SCHALK, alumnus of Saint Louis University, won first prize from Catholic Press Association for the best news story of 1949. He is a former reporter.

GOD'S CROSS

OF all the painful problems that torture the souls of men, ringing cries of blasphemy from the cynic and wonderment from the saint, there is none so acute as the suffering of the innocent. God could never permit such sorrow, so there is no God, says the atheist. Even good men, smothered under successive waves of bitter adversity, their faith strained to the uttermost, find words leaping to their trembling lips which they dare not speak: "Where, O God, is Thy power? Thy wisdom? Where is Thy love?"

To clear away the darkness from our understanding and to cheer our flagging spirits, God one day clothed Himself in human flesh and plunged into the very heart of His people's agony. Lest we should fail to see what He was doing, He took His own blood and sweat and tears and in large letters red with pain, He wrote the answer. He wrote it in language every man could understand and pinned it to the Tree of Calvary for all the world to see. There, behind the treachery and butchery of men, the least as well as the greatest now can come and behold the power and wisdom and love of Almighty God.

Three things about Calvary comfort the innocent victim: first, God suffered innocently; secondly, He could have prevented it but He would not; thirdly, He would not because He wished to make suffering the gateway to great blessings.

First, He took care to let the world know that He suffered innocently. "Which of you can convict Me of sin?" He challenged the Jews before He went to trial. The man who betrayed Him was impelled to cry out he had sinned in betraying innocent blood. The judge who pronounced the sentence of death felt urged to proclaim publicly that he could find no fault in Him. A thief crucified with Him, admitted his own guilt, but shouted before the mob that Jesus had done no wrong. The centurion who supervised the execution watched Him die and exclaimed they had killed an innocent Man. Even the Sanhedrim had condemned Him simply for claiming to be what He really was: the Son of God. Yes, God died. He died innocently and He wanted the world to know it.

Secondly, He made it clear that it was not for want of power that He suffered and died; but because He freely chose to let it happen. He foresaw it. He foretold it. He willed to let it be.

Back in the eternal years, God knew He would come to earth in the form of Man. He knew He would find evil men on earth because they had abused their



**God and the Church join
in the paradox of laughing
over the pains of Christ**

by GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

sublime gift of free will. He knew how they would treat Him. He did not flinch. He willed to become Man and to let them do their worst. Omnipotence could and would turn it to their profit.

For centuries, through His prophets, He foretold His coming. Through them He sketched an outline of what He would suffer, so that after it took place He could say: "Did not the Christ have to suffer these things before entering into his glory?" Saint Luke adds "And be-

ginning then with Moses and all the Prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things referring to Himself." (Luke 24:25)

Yes, He foresaw it. He foretold it. Then He came. He came first of all to save the lost sheep of Israel. He cited to them the Scriptures He Himself had inspired to let them know the Kingdom of God was at hand. He lived among them, showing forth His wondrous goodness and mercy, speaking to them the loftiest wisdom, working for them startling miracles. He gave them an unparalleled example of personal holiness. But while the people ran after Him (often for wrong motives) the leaders of the Jewish nation daily grew more jealous. "If we let Him alone as He is, all will believe in Him," they said. (John 11:48) They contrived to put Him to death. They plotted and whispered; they lied, calumniated, and bribed, and finally the trap was set.

He willed to let it be so. As He so often does in His government of man, He willed to let human affairs run their normal course. But that everything was under divine control from start to finish He made equally clear. "I lay down my life for my sheep," He said. "For this reason the Father loves me, because I lay down my life that I may take it up again. No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of myself." (John 10:15, 17)

When Peter began armed resistance in His defense, He bade him put up his sword. "Dost thou suppose," He asked, "that I cannot entreat my Father, and he will even now furnish me with more than twelve legions of angels? How, then are the Scriptures to be fulfilled, that thus it must take place?" (Matt. 26:53)

Thus, willingly, refusing to prevent it when He could have done so, He went to His death. The Prince of Darkness planned the cosmic tragedy. Evil men set the trap to plunge Him into grief. He freely walked into it, because He was going to show us that not even the gravest tragedy escapes His loving Providence for the welfare of mankind.

He manifested perfect control of the situation throughout. Respectfully He answered His accusers (except the playboy, Herod). His calm dignity, His quiet majesty, shone forth gloriously all during His trial. He manfully took up His cross, and when they nailed Him to it He prayed for His executioners. While He hung there in agony He still conducted Himself as the Immortal King of Ages, arranging affairs of state, providing for

VICTIM

by **SISTER M. M. THERESE, Ad. Pp. S.**

*Could I but scale the cross and steal away the thorns
From Golgotha where He was lifted up;
Could I meet with my heart the probing lance
And sweeten all the bitters of His cup;
Could I but somehow soften the black iron
That dug His blessed Feet and gentle Hands,
And pour in costly streams of honeyed balm
And bind Them soothingly in tender bands,
Then might I offer service real and meet,
Atonement for scourged Back, bruised Hands, Feet torn.*

*But since I may not bear away the thorn
And am too frail to taste His bitter cup,
I'll wish it so, and He will know my love
And draw me to Him daily lifted up.*

His mother's care, cheering the good thief, and promising him Paradise that very day. Finally, He surveyed the work He had come to accomplish and sighed: "It is consummated." (John 19:30) Then He commended His soul into the hands of His heavenly Father and, uttering that loud mysterious cry, like a cry of cosmic victory coming from the Lord of the World, He yielded His sacred body to the forces of death inflicted by sinful men.

Thus did God die. How keenly, how utterly He suffered in His human flesh was shown by the way He sweat blood in the Garden; even more so by the cry of horrible desolation the torture wrung from His sacred lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34) But it will take an eternity to fathom the inexhaustible blessings produced out of that sea of sorrow by His love, His wisdom, and His power.

It was above all else love that impelled God to take up His cross. He reminded us that the greatest love you could show anyone is to die for him. (John, 15:13) It was for love of us that our Heavenly Father asked His innocent Son to die. (John, 10:18) Many times our Lord told us that it was for love of us that He was going to die. (John, 10: 11, 15, 17) What amazed Saint Paul particularly was that God died for us even while we were a pretty bad lot, at enmity with Him. "Scarcely in behalf of a just man does one die," he exclaimed, "yet perhaps one might bring himself to die for a good man. But God commends His charity toward us, because when as yet we were sinners Christ died for us." (Rom. 5:7-9) Like Saint Paul, each of us can carry away from Calvary the thrilling thought: He "loved me and gave Himself up for me." (Gal. 2:20). What specially consoles the man who suffers innocently is that the Heavenly Father had a special love for His divine Son who died an innocent victim. "For this reason the Father loves me, because I

lay down my life that I may take it up again." (John 10:17)

Another thing that comforts those who bear suffering innocently is that everything about our Lord's death was fitted into a loving plan devised by God's Wisdom. God permitted the evil ways of men to run their course. But in His loving wisdom He turned the evil that afflicted His Son to His own glory and the welfare of humanity.

With ease, God swings the sun and moon and stars on their unerring courses. But when it comes to human affairs, God wills to work with men and women to whom He has given the sublime gift of free will. We can and do abuse that gift. When we do there must be punishment. Someone must suffer. But God's wisdom fits into the divine plan even the bitterest sorrow.

If God permitted everything to go along just as well when men did evil as when they did good, then soon the everlasting line that divides good from evil would be erased. Heaven and Hell would finally mingle in mad confusion. For His sake and ours, God must reward the good and punish the evil. He must move through human history in a straight line, His just laws filling up the valleys of our failures and leveling the mountains of our sin.

In the long swing of these inevitable divine judgments that constantly are at work throughout the rise and fall of civilizations, through political upheavals and the marching of men to battles, the innocent are often caught up. God can hear the anguished cries of babes in arms, of defenseless men and women crushed beneath conflicts not of their own making. Time and again, Herod goes to work to slaughter the Holy Innocents. The meshes of sorrow are man-made. But when they come, God must often ask the innocent to suffer with the guilty (although none of us is perfectly innocent.)

When this happens, it lessens the

grief of the innocent to know that someone understands. It lessens the pain of the victim to know that his suffering will not be in vain. On both these scores God's cross forever reassures him.

Since Calvary, who can longer doubt that God knows the nature of the cross He asks us to bear? To cheer us He bore His cross and urges us to come after Him. He knows full well, even in His human nature, what it is to be envied, lied about, hated, and hounded by enemies; to be betrayed, deserted, and denied by friends. God knows what it is to have His back cut to ribbons with a lash. He knows what it is to be pinned to his bed of pain, agonizing through the long hours and sweating blood under pressure of torturous thoughts. His hands and feet nailed to the cross, every nerve and fibre alive with its own particular torment. God knows what it is to want to scream with pain. God had His heart broken; His head pounded until it nearly split. God knows what it is to have His life slowly ebbing away, His human mind growing clouded while the darkness of bitter desolation closes in. At tremendous cost to Himself, God in the flesh learned these human lessons to help us to know that He understands.

Moreover, God's cross teaches us that no evil happens without permission; that He permits no evil except to draw forth a greater good.

Before He came, we were children of a condemned race. We belonged to a social body whose life stream was polluted at its source. Even the best of men were only like sound fingers living on a leprous body and doomed to destruction.

Since the first man's rebellion against God, mankind was at enmity with God. No one on earth was good enough or big enough to go to God and tell Him we were sorry—or to offer Him suitable reparation. That was our tragedy.

YET, the evil men do lives after them. Sometime, somewhere, someplace, it must be purged away in someone's blood or tears. The God-man, innocent as He was, freely took up the task. As Priest and Victim, He mounted the altar of sacrifice and brought about a reconciliation between God and man.

Even greater fruit flowed from our Lord's sorrow. For by His cross, He merited for us a second chance at life everlasting. A sound finger on a leprous body is in a bad way. A leprous finger on a sound body is in a good way. It is being revitalized to share the health of the body.

Through His Cross, Christ merited to have the Gates of Heaven swing wide open to earth and to let a flood of divine

life enter afresh into the stream of human history. Christ's life was the inexhaustible nucleus of a new body, a Mystical Body into which God would engraft all who wished to give Him the allegiance of their hearts and minds. Sinners who became attached to this Mystical Body are incorporated forever into the joy and glory of God's Kingdom. No wonder the Church laughs with joy almost at the same time she weeps over the way the children of men treated the Lord of life. What tremendous blessings God made to flow upon mankind from Calvary's sorrow!

Finally, every man with faith can now see the wondrous *Power* of God behind His cross. The man of faith now knows that it was around that middle cross that raged the most furious, the most decisive battle in all history. On that dread day God gave Hell a holiday and dared it do its worst. On that fearful day, the "Prince of this World" marshaled all his strength and cunning to change Truth itself into a lie! The Prince of Evil attempted to murder the Author of Life! The Prince of Darkness tried to put out the Light of the World!

GOD permitted Hell's iniquity and man's wickedness to hurl combined strength against His sacred Person. But when the smoke of the battle's fury had cleared away, God was laughing at the puny power of Hell. The line between good and evil remained forever firm and fast! The cosmic challenge had found a worthy champion. The Creator's weakness was more powerful than the creatures' might, God's truth more durable than our lie, His love more lasting than our hate.

Like a clever but stupid scientist who tampers with the secret of the atom and finally succeeds in tearing it apart, only to discover that he has started a vast chain reaction which he no longer can control, so also Satan was permitted to smash and bruise the Sacred Body of our Lord. But when he had done his worst he found that instead of putting out the Light of the World he had only succeeded in helping to light a more brilliant flame!

From Christ's broken heart, God's *Wisdom* and *Power* and *Love* rushed forth, outward and upward and onward, filling the heavens and earth, increasing every moment to the end of time; giving hope where before was despair; joy where before had been sorrow; life where before there was death.

Who now can doubt that God cares, that God understands, that His Omnipotence hovers behind every cross? Blessed indeed are they who, like the Saints, have found the glory of God's Cross.

A spiritual thought for the month



Finished Business

by **WALTER FARRELL, O.P.**

"It is finished." Our Lord's last words on Calvary, as He bowed his head and died, marked the completion of our redemption. Death and sin were conquered by the death of the sinless One. His words were a victor's triumphant announcement of the enemy's rout. Those words can never be forgotten by men who dare to look at a crucifix; and it is well that they remain sharply etched in the minds of men, for they are a rule by which every act of every man is accurately measured.

It is only our morally good acts that are finished, completed products, journeys that have reached their goal. It is only the bad acts that are incomplete, half-built houses offering only a pretense of shelter, trips to a goal which have bogged down after the first burst of enthusiastic energy. The sinner's self-portraits show him as a man of the world, an adult who knows the score, a mature sophisticate smiling pityingly at the naïve ignorance of innocence. These are jealously cherished illusions to settle the stomach of a pride that gags at truth. Actually, the sinner is like a reckless child who plucks blossoms from fruit trees with no care for the consequent sterility of harvest time, a victim of sentiment who plucks up the plants by the roots for love of the flowers.

This truth can be seen, even without argument, by a penetrating examination of any sin, or even by a completely superficial glance at such things as contraception, divorce, or abortion. Indeed, the argumentative proof is by no means subtle or difficult. Every one of our actions takes its rise in the pleasant foothills of the sensible world and is completed by scaling the heights of reason, even of divine reason. At every step of the way through those foothills, we are met by the automatic responses of sense appetites inviting us to dally or frightening us from continuing. For so incomplex and reasonable an action as getting out of bed in the morning, we must make

our way past the enticing warmth of the bed, the coaxing comfort of a few more winks, through the sharp, bitter dash to shut the window against the biting cold. So, not at all to our surprise, many more people get up at the last minute than leap out of bed on awakening.

There is no such thing as a sin's going too far; it is a contradiction in terms to talk of its going all the way. It is a sin precisely because it does not go nearly far enough; what makes this action bad is the defect of order to the final goal of our living. The sinner has gotten tired; his courage and energy exhausted, he squats down by the side of the road and, for his comfort, mocks at the passers-by who insist the journey isn't finished. Yet it is rigidly true that the sinner has gone much too far in the wrong direction. While sin is an unfinished act, it certainly finishes the sinner who commits it. He has begun his own doom, settling down with complete finality in the embrace of something less than God, less, often enough, than himself; day by day it becomes more difficult for him to escape from this privately constructed hell.

Evil acts are immature, unfinished, a kind of baby-talk in pantomime; yet they make a man old before his time, indeed, they make him old for all time. Good acts are mature, adult, finished; yet they set a man's face toward the horizons of youth, forbidding his heart the decrepitude of senility until time introduces it to God's eternity.

Each one of our actions, to be worthy of ourselves and of our divine destiny, bears the authentic stamp of virtue: it is finished. Those words did not come easily from the Son of God on Calvary; behind them was the long story of incredible labors, of divine strength and courage, of patient refusal to surrender, and long hours of agony. Something of that same history is proper to every virtuous action, for such an action, too, is a finished business.

~~RADIO~~ and **TELEVISION**

by **DOROTHY KLOCK**

Voices and Events

Here is radio at its best!

The advent of tape recordings has reduced considerably the equipment needed for on-the-spot audio records of important voices and events. Full advantage is taken of this now highly developed technique in this most vital and striking of all news summaries. By means of carefully edited tape recordings of the voices which made the news in the places where it happened, we are whisked across continents and oceans and with such ease and speed that we feel almost a part of the current event to which we are listening.

The maestro of the tape clipping, who also does the deft announcements which interrelate the recordings, is James Fleming. His voice comes in with clear, crisp continuity which does much to maintain the fast and punchy pace of the program. Often as many as thirty-five different tape recordings, made in widely separated places, are used in one broadcast. NBC newsmen in strategic cities are assigned to make the recordings, which are then flown to New York for editing.

At the opening the listener gets right into the meat of the program. There is no long windup, and, at the end, no time-consuming string of credits. And in between in rapid succession one hears, for example, the voices of John L. Lewis at a coal hearing in Washington, H. V. Kaltenborn imitating Mr. Truman imitating Mr. Kaltenborn, Senator Taft interviewed by Morgan Beatty of NBC, and John McCloy, the U. S. High Commissioner for Germany, speaking in Stuttgart. And, for a colorful sidelight, there is usually an item of description—Merrill Muller, NBC's London correspondent, describing the scene as atomic scientist Fuchs is brought before the bar in the Bow Street Court.

There is no drama like unto the drama in the *Voices and Events* which shape our times. In no other age could these come right to our family fireside. We urge you to bid them welcome. (NBC, Saturday, 2:00-3:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

High Adventure

It used to be a fairly safe bet that the Sunday afternoon tuner, relaxing by his fireside, would find neither murder nor mayhem around his dial. But no more. *High Adventure* is indicative of the new trend, based perhaps on the belief that said Sunday afternoon sitter, particularly if he be male, yearns for a red-blooded yarn to counteract the drab normalcy of his Sabbath idling. "So be it!" saith NBC. "We'll give him action by the yard, with a sponsor to foot the bill. (How nice for us!)" Ironically, the sponsor manufactures men's toiletries



James Fleming, editor-in-chief of NBC's "Voices and Events"

which would be scorned unequivocally by the rugged he-men who are the heroes of these stories!

On the whole the story material is exciting. Murders are plentiful but not essential. There is some miscasting, but not much. Music and sound are used well, with a little too much oom-pah in the music department now and then. And, come to think of it, the sound is sometimes confusing when rapid sequences of it are supposed to tell essential parts of the story. Everything is always clear to the director, the actors, and the sound man—with their scripts in hand! There's a heavy accent on *cherchez la femme* in many of the scripts. But who can complain about that? *La femme* does get around.

Some sample titles? "Export Item"—a cargo ship, a few passengers, one a girl! "Black Stallion"—death in the middle of a mountain!

I don't know. Maybe this kind of thing is your dish. If so, you'll find it on NBC, at 4:30 P.M., E.S.T., on Sundays.

We Take Your Word

If for no other reason, a program with a title as clever as that deserves at least one trial hearing. The format is in the same class as that of the lamented *Information Please* and the more recent *Who Said That?* in that all three programs are designed to appeal to a minority audience which finds its pleasures in literate, witty radio fare.

For its meat the series uses words or phrases common in our language. A panel of three is called upon for definitions, pronunciations, derivations, and other etymological data by wordmaster John K. M. McCaffrey, who has won his spurs in many a literary battle of the airways as moderator of *The Author Meets the Critics*. Up to this point it may all sound rather stuffily dictionary-ish, but when you learn that the three "experts" are Lyman Bryson, dry-witted and able scholar, Abe Burrows, master of New Yorkese and the ready paraphrase, and a guest of the genre of Faye Emerson or Eva Le Gallienne, you will see that the opportunities for verbal high jinks are legion. To set all a-right after each bout with the English language, there is an impressive voice of authority which booms on the echo mike the dictum of the lexicographers on the word or phrase in question.

Take this full recipe, apply it to such items as the derivation of "chortle," the difference between "slang" and "vernacular," the origin of "democracy," and the pronunciation of "tomato," and perhaps you will find the outcome very much to your taste. (CBS, Sunday, 10:30-11:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Hollow Men and Stuffed

Emptied of Christ and
stuffed with Marx, they
poison innocent young
minds

by **BRASSIL FITZGERALD**

IF a little learning be a dangerous thing and shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, what would Pope have said of draughts from springs that are poisoned? And what shall we say of the poisoners? These Communists and near-Communists on the faculties of American universities; these erudite enemies of our commonweal, professors of various subjects, teachers of one,—what must we think of them? What should we do about them? What can we do?

The answers herein are but one man's answers, incomplete and inconclusive, opinion merely, yet considered opinion and based on experience. For with these men, the hollow men and the stuffed, I have watched and worked for two decades and at several universities. Here then I offer no final judgments, but evidence and thought concerning a problem too large for one article, too difficult for this one pen.

What must we think of fellow Americans, teachers for Communism? That they are many, and many of them eloquent and able. Unfortunately, a sunny smile and open countenance may hide an ugly philosophy and treasonous intent. Unfortunately, dialectical materialism is often taught with wit and humor, by eloquent voices. No raw and nauseous brew is offered the tender palates of the young, but fine wine poisoned. Indeed, one might better say bread and milk poisoned, for the essential and deadly error frequently is mixed with much that is

scholarly, reasonable, and true. Our Reds don't gnash with their teeth, nor throw stones on the campus.

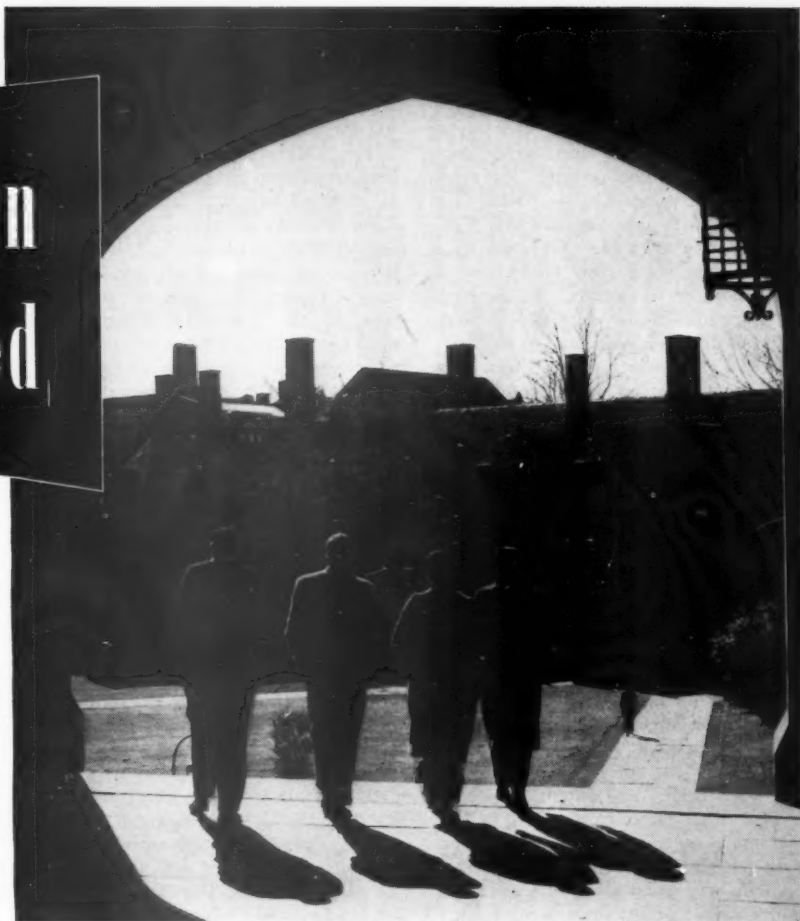
Gentle folk and persuasive, on faculty streets they make pleasant neighbors; in lecture halls and faculty meetings they seem but unworldly idealists—with the gentlest of voices they're recruiting for Stalin. Should their dreams come true, and their teaching bear fruit on a Red harvest morning, then with sincere regrets for unfortunate colleagues they'll give our names for the tumbrels. With gentle fingers they'll slit Uncle Sam's throat.

One October, in one of my freshman classes at a state university, among all the Joe Colleges, the *Saturday Post* boys and *Good Housekeeping* girls, I became aware of one hungry and eager mind; a shabby, awkward lout of a boy who walked by himself on the campus and slept in a cellar where he tended a boiler. That fall I saw a lot of him, for he responded to my first friendly overtures with the wholehearted and slightly overpowering gratitude of a Newfoundland pup. By mid-semester he had found, with help,

a more attractive part-time job; and at the semester's end he won a scholarship. He won, too, other friends.

In his sophomore year I saw less of him, as in other courses, and with other friends, he kindled to enthusiasms I did not share. He became in time a campus wheel, student editor and politician, the leader of the undergraduate iconoclasts. In his senior year he declined the university's nomination for a Rhodes scholarship. And one June night of commencement week, after long absence, he came again to sit on my porch steps.

Presently, after idle talk, for auld lang syne we adjourned to the kitchen for coffee and cookies. At ease in our small kitchen, perched on the set tubs and swinging big new oxfords, casually, with a kind of defiant pride, he told me that he had joined the party and was going into the field to work as an organizer among the miners. He could do it all right, for his people were miners; he knew their thoughts and talked their language. Digging or drinking with them, his easy good fellowship would mask a fixed idea.



Ewing Galloway photos

While the coffee grew cold and midnight came and went, we disputed. Until at last, thinking to reveal to him a difference between theory and practice, between what he was now saying and what, when the chips were down, he would do, I said to him, "Have you ever asked yourself, Jack, what you would do with me? Suppose you win—and the day after the revolution your Red master sends you back here as party boss, or commissar, say, for higher education—taking over the U, what will you do when you come to me?"

Across the years I can see him now, his thoughtful scowl, undercropped tow curls, fierce intelligent eyes. He was silent a long moment, making a cigarette, while through windows open to the summer night came a faint, distant crying of violins, down the street where the Sigmas were dancing. He said quietly at last, "You're a good joe, prof. Personally, I'm all for you, and don't think I'm forgetting who helped me get started my freshman year." His voice was gentle and serious. "I'd sure hate it, prof, but the day we took over would be your last."

With a smile that hid mild hurt, "So you'd dismiss me?" I asked.

He shook his tow head; his young eyes were bright and intent, and cold as blue ice. "Shoot you, prof. People like you won't change. So there's no place for you in the future that's coming. You see, you'd always be a danger spot, a source of reactionary infection."

That was all. I laughed it off, and him away. But later, lying awake, I was puzzled and frightened. I am still frightened, but no longer puzzled. What puzzled me that long ago night was this: To the best of my belief there was not at that time on the faculty one active Communist, no Red card holder, no paid agent. Yet Jack's new

beliefs he had found on the campus; his mind had been shaped by our teaching. But by whose teaching, who among us, wittingly or not, were recruiting for Stalin? I know now.

The hollow men were doing it, and long have been in American education, in most of our state and private colleges; without allegiance to Stalin, doing his work; without thought for Red harvest, preparing the soil for the Communist seeds. They have no beliefs except in the virtue of disbelief, the wisdom of skepticism. They are, more often than not, gentle men and well meaning, but empty. Empty of the faith their fathers held, empty of the American dream their fathers dreamed. They are the hollow men, until they get stuffed. And they fall into two groups.

IN one group are descendants of American Protestants, long released from religious belief, but protesting still. A century ago they would have been Christian ministers dedicated to fierce and relentless warfare against the devil and all his works, including, of course, the Church of Rome. As, for a hundred years, the flood tide of Protestantism receded, their fathers floundered in shallow waters; they were left dry on agnostic sands. As the meeting houses emptied, they grew empty; empty first of fervor and love, empty last of distrust and fear. For long after they had ceased to fear the devil, they were instinctively wary of Rome.

Disillusioned with science and distressed with the contemporary scene, they hid from it all in library stacks, counting the run-on lines in Shakespeare; proving some minor poet had not written some forgotten poem; digging in the past for the ruins of bordellos; examining the dead great for feet

of clay; proving that Grant once fell off his horse, and Boswell lay in an Edinburgh gutter; sifting the dust of ancient scandals to prove life has been always "a suck and a sell." Teaching literature, economics, history, they asserted continuously "the barrenness and hypocrisy of American life." Thus they stripped students of childhood beliefs, and of childish pride in American citizenship. Empty themselves, they emptied their students. But nature abhors a vacuum.

The second group of whining humanists is composed of teachers of foreign parentage and tradition; conspicuous among them are the Jews. Much of what has been said about the descendants of the Pilgrims applies no less to the grandsons of rabbis. With a traditional love of learning, with a racial awareness of spiritual values, they do but lack their ancestors' God; and lacking Him, in desperate need to fill their emptiness, some have made a new Moloch; denying Moses, seeing no smoke by day nor fire by night, by the Red star led to final bondage.

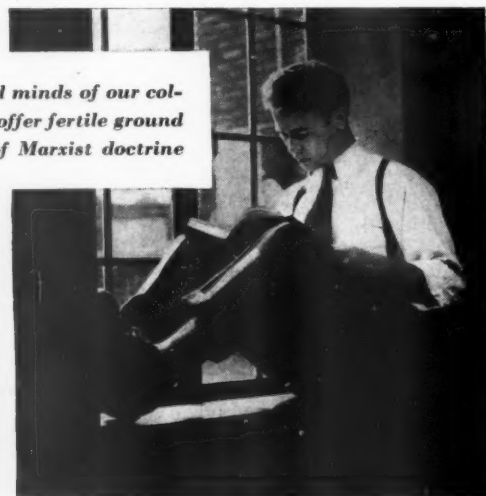
Nature abhors a vacuum. There is in all men, and markedly in intelligent and sensitive men, a hunger for perfection, a need to look up, a need to serve. No longer loving their fathers' God, no longer believing in our American democracy, many of the hollow men are driven by their own deep hunger to the anti-Christ. They are the stuffed men, stuffed with poison.

That these stuffed men and hollow, Communists and near-Communists, are active on American campuses is not a matter of opinion but of record. The public press occasionally notes their activities. Unreported are activities to which reporters are not admitted.

For instance, on November 18, 1949, on its first page, the Boston *Traveler*



The untrained minds of our college students offer fertile ground for the seed of Marxist doctrine



recorded: "A self-styled Marxist club, headed by the former director of the Communist Youth movement in Massachusetts, has been organized at Boston University. The first major project announced by the club is a series of four lectures on dialectic materialism." The article named and described the professor from a neighboring institute who was scheduled to give the lectures.

ACCORDING to the *Traveler*, this man had been active in Communist fronts for years, and was identified during the recent Communist conspiracy trial in New York as a lecturer at a secret class of the Communist Party at a private home in Cambridge. He, however, asserted that "he was not a member of the Communist Party" and described himself as a good Marxist. The professor's denial is typical and effective. For though this kind of double talk, this slick evasive technique, does not for a moment deceive the man in the street, it does, apparently, the college authorities.

Such clubs and such teachers flourish openly in some institutions, exist secretly in others. Harvard neither denies nor offers apologies for its John Reed club. The chairman of the board of trustees of the University of Chicago, Mr. Laird Bell, stated in a 1949 Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, "We know that there is a Communist club at the University."

Nor is such testimony needed, for by their fruits we may know them. The talented young Americans highly placed in our State Department who have been discovered spying and conspiring for Russia were not educated for their work in Russian universities. Our contemporary Communist writers and playwrights; we did not import them, but grew them at home. All of us who pay taxes, paid the bill for their culture. And, when we protest, the public is told to mind its own business.

Here is the answer of one of America's leading university presidents, given in 1949 at a June convocation. "The great American word is freedom, and in particular, freedom of thought, speech, and assembly. The heart of Americanism is independent thought. *The cloak and stiletto work* that is now going on, will not merely mean that many people will suffer for acts that they did not commit, or that were legal when committed, or for no acts at all. Far worse is the end result which will be that critics even of the mildest sort will be frightened into silence."

Mr. Hutchins ought to know, for that is exactly what he is here doing, stigmatizing an investigation of what

is being taught in the colleges as "cloak and stiletto work," to the end that "critics even of the mildest sort will be frightened into silence." Defend your position with a truism, with a noble slogan; abuse your opponent with a catchy phrase of invective. The demagogues do it, the rabble rousers, and alas, college presidents.

One prefers the blunt answer of Mr. Grenville Clark of the Harvard Corporation to a citizen who protested what the citizen called "Extra curricular activities of professors giving aid and comfort to Communism." Mr. Clark, speaking for President Conant, answered thus: "You want to discipline any teacher if, after hearing, 'reasonable grounds on all the evidence are



YIPPEE!

The wife of a prominent politician was making her first ocean voyage, and the captain was showing her around his ship. In one of the cabins she noticed several large boxes marked "Sky-rockets."

"Those are to send up when the ship is in distress," the captain explained.

"Goodness," exclaimed the lady, "that certainly is no time for celebrating!"

—Paul E. Smith

found to doubt his loyalty'—*Nothing of this character will happen under Mr. Conant.*"

Though the university teachers welcome, they do not depend upon such doughty champions, for they themselves man the ramparts of their privileges; their own police patrol the academic groves, where, as at a nudist camp, all curious outsiders are immediately suspect. These police are the watchmen of the A.A.U.P., the American Association of University Professors. They function thus: Upon petition of any local chapter, a committee of the national organization will investigate the dismissal of any university teacher to determine whether the administration has violated the teacher's academic freedom. Should the committee find for the dismissed teacher, the administration must reinstate him or suffer the censure of the association. The prestige of an institution thus censured is seriously damaged; the career of the

administrator is damaged or ruined. College presidents and deans, being human, dread such investigations in which they have so much to lose.

Thus, on many a college campus, a reputation as a radical may serve as a protective screen, may be, in fact, job insurance. Such A.A.U.P. committees mean to be fair, and they have done well in protecting teachers from administrative tyranny. Nevertheless, they are committed to the defense of the following principle: "The teacher is entitled to freedom in the classroom in discussing his subject, but he should be careful not to introduce into his teaching controversial matter which has no relation to his subject." In other words, he may introduce into his teaching whatever he pleases, provided only that he can show that it has some relation to his subject. One would be forced to hunt long for matter that could not be shown to have some relation to the humanities.

These poisoners, these hollow men and stuffed, wittingly and unwittingly giving aid to Stalin—what should we do about them? What can we do? There's very little we can do. For they are protected by the American traditions they despise, by the American way of life they are destroying. Behind the high walls of their academic freedom, indifferent alike to parental concern and public criticism, they will continue in salaried security undermining the house of their freedom and ours, tranquilly on tenure recruiting for Stalin.

THIS article is but quixotic, a feeble pen lanced against the high indifferent sails of the red teaching mill. While the winds blow strongly from the east, the sails will turn. But must we bring grain for their grinding?

No Catholic need sit in subversive classrooms; no Catholic parent need pay tuition fees for his children's contamination. One effective way to fight the Communist infiltration of American colleges is to increase and improve our own colleges.

On November 25, last, speaking to organized labor, Archbishop Cushing of Boston said: "The best weapons with which to fight Communism or any other form of cynicism are the weapons of positive, constructive action toward the objectives which the saboteurs profess to be seeking. . . . You can only be rid of Communist policies and programs by providing better programs, programs more consistent with human need, human dignity, and Divine Law." That is Catholic action. Opposed to such action, the teaching of the hollow men and the stuffed will at last be meaningless and futile.

SPORTS...

by **DON DUNPHY**

A Great Portsider

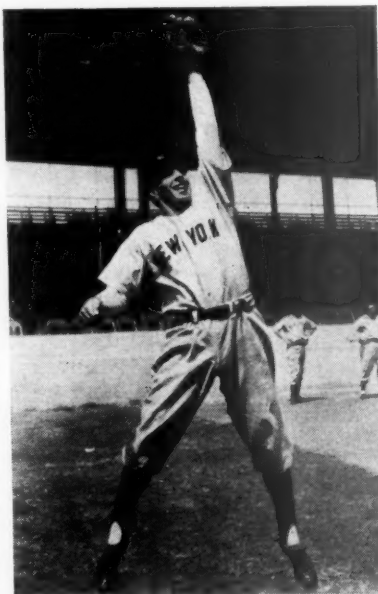
When you think of baseball, the great national game, you naturally think of the great heroes of the diamond. Your thoughts dwell on the homeric feats of the Ruths and Gehrigs, the DiMaggios the Williams and Walter Johnsons, the Alexanders and Hubbells and Hornsbys, and other stars who have made such an indelible impression on American life. These and others of equal ability have caught the headlines and held them for sometimes a score of years.

But baseball has its semi-tragic side too. To paraphrase the old, old expression, "Full many a star is born to flash but briefly and then to flash no more." Yes, many a bright-eyed rookie has hit the big time with a bang, has risen to stardom in practically no time at all, and then through injury or fate has found his promising career ended abruptly for all time.

There have been many cases like this. Fellows like Johnny Beasley, who won two games for the Cardinals over the Yankees in the World Series of 1942, Paul Dean of an earlier edition of the Gashouse gang, and left-hander Ernie White, a pitching star and teammate of the aforementioned Beasley. It is of Ernie that we would like to write at this time.

The good-looking portsider is now manager of the Evansville Club of the Three I League, a Boston Braves farm. But just before the war he was one of the brightest pitching prospects in the National League. In 1941, when the Cardinals were just nosed out of the pennant by the Brooklyn Dodgers, White came up with 17 wins against only 8 losses, and the following year he helped pitch the Redbirds to the pennant. His greatest individual pitching performance came in the World Series of 1942, and it was his last glamorous feat on the pitching mound. The Yankees and Cardinals had split the

first two games of the series in St. Louis and had come on to the Yankee Stadium for the next three contests. White



Little "Scooter" Rizzuto. The Yankees' hopes ride with him

hooked up in a great pitching duel with Spud Chandler and shut out the Yankees 2-0. The Cardinals then went on to sweep the series four games to one.

Spectacular as was that pitching feat, it probably ranks second in Ernie's scrapbook to a three-day pitching performance he turned in during the torrid days of the 1941 pennant battle. This occurred late in July, when the Dodgers were leading the second-place Redbirds by one game. The Giants in third place were ten games back.

The Cardinals were starting to move, so, when the Giants invaded St. Louis for a three-game series, the chips were down for both teams.

White was the starting pitcher for the Cards, with the Giants calling on Bob Carpenter. A run-producing single by Mize in the first inning put the Cards ahead, but New York shortstop Billy Jurges banged a two-run homer in the fourth to put his team in front. In the home half of the inning, however, the Cards batted around with a homer by Slaughter and a triple by Hopp aiding in a six-run rally. The Giants fought back and drove White from the mound in the sixth, but the Cards held on to win 7-6 and White got credit for the victory.

The second game, played the next day, was a pitching duel between Cliff Melton, the tall left-hander of the Giants, and wily right-hander Lon Warneke of the Cards. Going into the ninth, Warneke had a two hitter and was leading 4-2. But, with two out and a count of three and two on Ott, the Giants came to life. Ott walked, then Hank Danning and Babe Young banged doubles, and it was a tied ball game. The Cards threatened in the ninth but failed to score and the game went into extra innings. The Giants loaded the bases with one out in the tenth but couldn't score, and both teams threatened in the eleventh but no runs crossed the plate. The Cards had used three relief pitchers by this time and in the twelfth the call went to the bull pen for Ernie White. He blanked the Giants with the aid of a great catch by Terry Moore, and a single by Crabtree drove in Crespi with the winning run, with White getting credit for his second win in two days.

The third game found Johnny Wittig of the Giants pitted against Max Lanier of the Cardinals. This turned out to be another exciting battle. Wittig, leading 2-1, apparently had the game wrapped up when he retired the first two batters in the last of the ninth. But the Cards were a tough team to deal. Crespi singled. Moore, however, was cut down at the plate on the relay and the game went into extra innings.

Bill Crouch was the Card pitcher in the tenth and the Giants threatened. Bartell singled and went to second on a sacrifice. Joe Moore was sent up to hit for Wittig, so Manager Billy Southworth derricked Crouch and called in White for the third day in a row. Giants' manager Bill Terry continued the battle of wits by sending up Gabby Hartnett in place of Moore. White didn't seem to care who batted. He quickly breezed three strikes past Hartnett and then fanned Rucker, too, to end the inning.

Once again the Cards rallied for White. In the last of the tenth, Slaughter singled and Jimmy Brown banged a

double for the ball game to bring Ernie White his third victory in three days.

Arm trouble cut short a promising pitching career for the fine left-hander, but that World Series win over the Yankees and those three victories in three days are certainly something wonderful to look back on.

International's Shaughnessy

One of the most interesting, best-known, and best-liked executives in organized baseball is Frank J. Shaughnessy, president of the International League and father of the play-off plan which bears his name. Although he has been president of the International loop since 1937, that is but one of the many duties of this most energetic gentleman. He is also chairman of the National Association's Executive Committee, vice-president of the National Association, and a member of the Major-Minor Leagues' playing rule committee, which recently completed the task of revising baseball's rule code. It was as a member of this latter committee that Shag, as he is familiarly known, helped in the fight for a clarification of the rules aiming to cut down the roughhouse stuff at second base on double plays. Of this we wrote in a previous issue.

A former football and baseball star at Notre Dame University, Shaughnessy has through his long career been identified actively with athletics. In 1904 he captained the team at the South Bend school, and the following year he broke into major league baseball with the Washington Senators. He later moved to the Philadelphia Athletics and in 1908 was involved in the deal which brought the great Home Run Baker to the A's.

Shag became a minor league manager in 1909 at Roanoke, Virginia and promptly won the pennant—a feat he was to perform four times in various cities in the next six years.

During his long career as a pilot, Shaughnessy led teams at Fort Wayne, Ottawa, Hamilton, Syracuse, Providence, Reading, and Montreal. In 1935, as field manager of the Montreal Royals, he brought the Quebec metropolis its first International League pennant in thirty-seven years. At one time Shaughnessy also served as coach for the Detroit Tigers.

Maintaining his gridiron activities along with baseball, Shaughnessy for fifteen years coached football at McGill University in Montreal and there came to know Stephen Leacock, the humorist, who was on the McGill faculty and liked football.

Shaughnessy also coached football at Clemson College and was invited to

Harvard by coach Percy Haughton to teach defense against the lateral pass.

Hockey was another athletic love of the versatile Shag, who at one time managed the Ottawa Senators hockey team which reached the Stanley Cup finals only to be beaten by Frank Patrick's Vancouver Millionaires.

Shaughnessy served in the Canadian Army in the first World War, and among the members of his outfit was Raymond Massey, the noted actor.

It was in 1933, that Frank Shaughnessy persuaded the International League to adopt his now famous play-off plan. This idea has gone a long way in encouraging the spread of organized baseball and has saved many smaller cir-



*Ernie White, as Card pitcher.
A sore arm ended his career*

cuits from financial ruin. It is now in use in practically all the minor leagues in baseball and has been used with modification in other baseball and football leagues as well.

Named president of the Montreal Club in 1936, Shaughnessy graduated to the International League presidency the following year. Married, the father of eight sons and one daughter, Shaughnessy, who was born in Amboy, Illinois, now makes his permanent home in Montreal. As we suggested in our opening lines about Shag, few executives in sports have made so deep an imprint in the world of athletic endeavor.

Past Pennant Predictions

Since we are on the subject of baseball, we would like to mention that a

great many people must still be tingling from that sensational pennant race in the American League last year, wherein the New York Yankees, fighting injuries and all sorts of perverse luck all season long, finally proved that old adage that "A team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten" and nosed out the Boston Red Sox on the last day of the season. We know they are still tingling and talking about it, because hardly a day goes by that someone doesn't ask if I think the Yankees can do it again.

Well, frankly, we don't know. As this is written, the teams are just on their way to training camp, so it is much too early for an appraisal. It has been our annual custom to predict the outcome of the two major league races in the May issue of *THE SIGN* which will be out just a month from now. At least by that time the teams have gone through their training chores and lineups are fairly well settled.

That reminds us that in the matter of picking the pennant winners in the two major leagues your sports column hasn't done too badly at all. As a matter of fact, only the slight margin of three ball games kept us from having winners in both leagues in 1948 and 1949. The season before last, our pre-season choices were the New York Yankees and the Boston Braves. One more game won from Cleveland and one more from the Red Sox would have given the Yankees the flag, since they finished the regular season two games behind Cleveland and Boston, who tied. The Indians of course won the play-off. However, our National League choice was victorious, that being the Braves.

In 1949 our selections were the Boston Red Sox and the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Red Sox, as you know, lost by one game to the Yankees. In the National League we again were successful with the Dodgers coming through. So we had a winner each year in the National League (maybe we should stick to that loop) and we missed the American by two games in '48 and one game in '49. Close enough, wasn't it, when you consider that these picks are actually made in March and the season ends in October?

But, coming back to the Yankees, their hopes again will be riding on a little fellow playing shortstop, named Phil Rizzuto. Little Phil didn't get the Most Valuable Player Award in the American League (through I thought he should have), but he certainly won the hearts of all who saw him perform with his great feats on the diamond. If Rizzuto can go at the pace he set last year, keep it up all season, and avoid injury, then who knows? The Yankees might be in the World Series again.

Not all heroes carry tommy-guns and grenades. A
Passionist gives an "on the spot" account of missionary valor

Late News from Hunan

by JUSTIN GARVEY, C.P.

A LENGTHY letter from Father Justin Garvey at Yuanling gives some interesting sidelights on conditions in Hunan. He writes from Yuanling, January 14th:

I'm just back from my jaunt in the woods, having failed to reach Liulincha, and it is like Christmas all over again to go through the mail which has piled up. Your letters of January 3 and October 5 came together, so you can see how irregular the mail has been. I had hoped to start preparing a Lenten course but have just been informed that I'm to give the Sisters of Charity community retreat during the Chinese New Year. I was told that after the retreat I'll be on the road again, so it looks as if I have become a permanent member of our "flying corps."

Here in Hunan we still say we are lucky, for things could be far worse than they are. Just being tolerated gives one much leeway to work, and in Yuanling we've not had any direct prohibitions. My own jaunt convinced me we can work out in the country, as far as the "liberators" are concerned. Bandits are the bigger problem.

When I left Yuanling, I was headed for Liulincha but never got there. On the other side of Ku-Ts'ai-Kai there were heavy skirmishes between bandits and "liberators"; all trails were closed. Things reached a climax just before Christmas with the entire countryside sealed tight. Fifteen "liberators" had been ambushed on the trail, so an all-out effort was launched to round up the bandits. But you know our West Hunan! Not a bandit was taken. They were all honest farmers busily tending their fields when the "liberators" stormed around the area. These local bandits have not been too great a problem. Mixed in with them are many strangers from surrounding areas. They are at their wits' end to survive and have little consideration for the local people, including the mission. These are the ruffians who have been the cause of most of the fear. They cut off Liulincha till the "liberators" broke through, taking the village from the Taoyuan side. I remained in Wuki till after Epiphany in hopes the Wuki-Liulincha trail would

open, but I could not get through, and had no news of Liulincha other than that the "liberators" told us their officers were living in the mission there.

While biding my time I tramped out of Wuki to visit the outlying Christians. Many of the older ones are unable to get in to the mission, so I said Mass in their homes. Sister Lucy followed me to the different hamlets with medicines, doing a first-class job. She is getting quite a name for herself as an infirmarian around the countryside. It has been a powerful good-will factor these days. When the "liberators" told the people at Ch'in-Chieh-Ho that they would cut off the noses of the foreigners and give the mission to the people, the people answered right back that they were not interested in harming the foreigners. One fellow got up and spoke his mind, saying the mission takes care of the old, the orphaned children, and helps the sick, for all of which the people are most grateful. It rather took the wind out of the Reds' sails! On one of our trips, coming back, we met about fifteen bandits along the road. Twelve were carrying baskets loaded with booty. Three walked behind and were as savage looking specimens as you'd want to meet. It was tense for a moment, but they looked us over and kept on their way. We simply kept going, happy they did not "borrow" our clothes, as they have been doing all through the countryside.

I went to Huang-Chia-Pin and Kai-Ting-Yi for Epiphany. I had a room in old Kung Anna's house packed with Christians of the neighborhood, and curious pagans. Just as we finished, the "liberators" swooped down on the town. They barged into every house, with drawn guns, expecting bandits to pop out any minute. Imagine their surprise when they found our little, mixed congregation breaking up. Of course they had to know what the foreigner was doing out there in the middle of nowhere. For the nth time I explained that the Yuanling police gave me permission to travel about Yuanling; that I was not free to leave the county, but could roam at will about our own

county. At least, this was the interpretation I put on the permission given me. I had no written proof, but the "liberators" took my word for it, so that the crowd was satisfied. Then they wanted to know why the foreigner was dispensing medicines, saying they took good care of the people, as well as of their own soldiers.

I took the cue and suggested that they come along to see two very sick people that the neighbors would not allow outside their quarters. They agreed until I mentioned that the two sick are lepers. Then we got smiles, bows, and all the hints to go by ourselves. From then on we had a free hand. We found the lepers a sorry sight; a man about forty-seven and his son, twenty. The father made an impassioned plea for help for his son, admitting his own case was beyond help. The medicines we had with us were inadequate, as we had not heard of any lepers in that area, and the poor creatures cannot leave their hovel. The neighbors have such a dread of the disease they threatened to kill both if they attempted to leave their isolation. We left them some ointments and hope to get better medicines sent out here from the Yuanling hospital. I had planned on visiting a few other hamlets but had to cancel that because of fighting on the road. However, it was good to get around wherever we could. For the present, the greatest obstacle in this area, is not opposition from the "liberators," so much as the outside bandits, who are respecters of nothing.

These bandit groups have been robbing up and down the road to Yuanling, so that travel has been sporadic and risky. Except for "liberator" army units passing through, the road is deserted. No merchant trucks, and buses only at your own risk. I waited four hours in Kuanchuang for a bus to take me back to Yuanling; when it arrived, it had been robbed seven miles away. The twenty-five passengers were a sorry sight, minus their Chinese long gowns, coats, hats, some even had to part with their shoes. The rest of the trip must have been pretty cold for them. Not a parcel was left in the baggage racks.

When I tried to squeeze in, they wouldn't take me. Having already been robbed, they were not afraid of the rest of the trip, but if they took on a foreigner, and one not robbed, I might be a temptation and start their miseries all over again. So they turned me down. The next bus was a rickety old thing, half full. It hadn't been robbed, but the passengers were in a state of extreme fear. However, the driver agreed to take me, and we began the wildest trip I've ever had. With shutters and coats over the windshield, save for a slit for the driver, we started out. Several people had been shot the previous day when bandits forced a bus to stop, and our driver was taking no chances. As we climbed the high mountains to Yuanling, everyone expected bandits to pop out any minute. But they didn't. We got through safely and were in Yuanling at dark. It was good to be back. Next day, we heard that the bus following us was robbed. Two "liberators" on board as guards were killed outright. Now we hear that similar conditions prevail on the road to Chenki, on up to Soli. Latest rumors are that the "liberators" are coming back from Szechuan and will be stationed all along our West Hunan bus road in an effort to cut down bandit troubles.

I've saved for the last a note on Christmas in Wuki. They had the best turnout in years, nearly four hundred Christians. For the last Mass the chapel was jammed to the doors. Father Caspar worked at terrific pressure to get the Wuki Valley in line for the Feast and had some present who had not been near the mission in years. He kept the secret of the turnout till I arrived in Wuki; then, immediately after one of the Sunday Masses, he invited me over to the seventh meeting of the Legion of Mary. There were about twenty active members present, and a few on-lookers. Everything went strictly according to the handbook, with the exception that Sister Carita is acting as president until the local people catch on. Then she'll hand the job over to one of them. The results to date are remarkable. Those Legionnaires, young and old, tramped the hills to bring in old-timers for the Feast. Reconciliations have been made, marriages rectified, catechism and First Communion classes started, and interest aroused among the pagans. And not a grain of rice has been held out to anyone as a come-on. Attendance at Sunday Mass has noticeably increased.

There isn't too much news from the other missions. Father Quentin has been having a difficult time of it, as the "liberators" seem intent on using his mission as living quarters. He has used every technique to thwart them and

the fight still goes on. Perhaps he now has the crowd who were so tough on Yuanling, as things have eased up here. His radio was taken, and he cannot get a footing anywhere to approach these people. No names were given, no one will see him, which makes him the sole target with no chance to strike back. Recently he quoted to them a Catholic Missionary mimeographed bulletin which gave a release from the Wuchang Liberation Headquarters, citing a decree from Peking that foreign mission properties are to be respected, and in no way molested. When asked for the bulletin, Father Quentin had just mailed it to Supu, so the "liberators" got it out of the post office. They were told the bulletin was in Latin but that didn't faze them; they said they would



Father Justin Garvey, C.P.

get someone to read it. The sequel came later when the crumpled bulletin was thrown at the mission gate. No one attempted to return it personally, and it was never known what comments were made. However, to date, Father Quentin has kept the "liberators" out of the rectory and church, though some buildings on the mission property have been occupied.

Chihkiang has had a bit of roughing. Father William was told to stop the Christians from praying aloud or singing in church. The reason given was that the bandits would hear them! He was then called on the carpet for having had a celebration on Christmas without official permission. He decorated his church and had special services without first getting a permit! That took a good bit of discussion. It looks as though the Chihkiang crowd have no love for the mission. Meanwhile, someone broke into the mission dispensary and stole some of the medicines. They then sent word that they expected the mission to buy back stolen medicines,

at the exorbitant price they fixed; otherwise the gang would blow up the dispensary.

The following Father John Baptist, who is the fort in Wangtsun, while Father Basil is in Yungshun for a needed rest. He writes: "Here I am in Wangtsun again. Father Basil was indisposed over Christmas and wrote us about it. As soon as Father Marcellus returned to Yungshun from the country mission stations, I came down here to see how things were. I found Father Basil in fair health, and after a few days he was his old self once more. Then it was decided that he should get away for a spell. He first considered going down to Yuanling hospital for a check-up. This idea had to be dropped, as boats will not venture down river without military guard. So finally he decided to go over to Yungshun. Last Thursday morning, January 5, he left here on his mule. The same night, several people, including the mailman, came in and told me that Father Basil had been robbed along the way. Yesterday Father Marcellus wrote confirming the rumor. Father Basil, going down this side of the Niu-Lao-Ho canyon fell among robbers. They relieved him of his jacket, medals, and rosary. They wanted the mule, too, but Father said he was unable to walk the remaining twenty miles to Yungshun. After three hours, he was released, and continued on his way, reaching Yungshun without further incident.

"Many of the Reds in Yungshun have been moving over to Paotsing, why, we have not as yet learned. We are hoping our Yungshun mission buildings may be rid of soldiers before too long; I certainly hope this happens before the summer sets in. The place is very dirty, as you can well imagine.

"While Father Marcellus was out in the country, a General Li came to the mission for a visit. It was Christmas Eve and I was hearing confessions. He waited till I finished and then sat talking to me over two hours. He asked me at least three times if the soldiers had given any trouble. I told him, not at all, since I didn't know who or what he was. The next day, the Christians told me that he threw two soldiers out of the army because they were accused by somebody of annoying the priests! What to make of it!

"Wangtsun is very quiet. There are several hundred Red soldiers stationed here. A few of them come in for medicine every day, and once in a while some come to visit. All in all, they conduct themselves very well."

The above concludes Father Justin's lengthy letter and the quotations from the letter of Father John Baptist.

People



Below, with older children at school, Mrs. Marlin relaxes with one of the youngsters and family dog

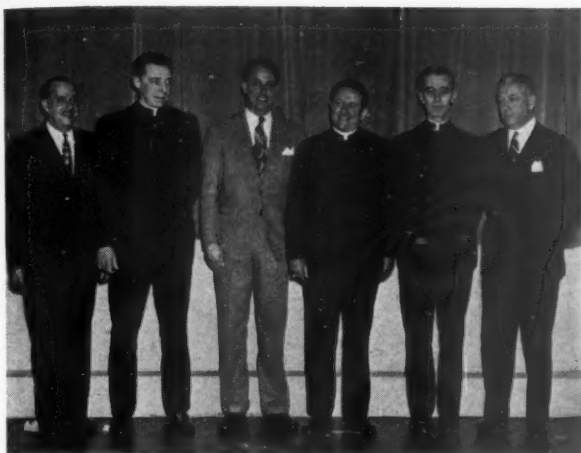
Back row: Randall, Olga, Brigid. Front row: Sheila, Elizabeth (on mother's knee,) and John Anthony

THIS attractive mother with her six lovely children is Mrs. E. R. Marlin of Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Marlin is known in literary circles by her maiden name, Hilda Van Stockum. Though as busy as any mother with six children in the home, she has found time to write and illustrate over eleven children's books.

Her first book, she says, arrived at the same time as her first child, but her little girl gave her more lasting satisfaction. Some of her well-known books include: *A Day on Skates*, *The Cottage on Bantry Bay*, *Francie on the Run*, and *The Angels' Alphabet*.

Mrs. Marlin was born in Holland, lived and married in Ireland, and moved to the United States and then to Canada. She was converted at the time of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin and claims that G. K. Chesterton and Arnold Lunn helped her see the light.





Center, Raymond Geiger with Board of Directors of Nocturnal Adoration Society of N. J.

Whether it be a business project or ways of promoting devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, he has a ready smile and willing hand

If you are too busy earning a living to spend time promoting Catholic Action, then meet Raymond Geiger of Maplewood, New Jersey. Mr. Geiger is top executive of Geiger Brothers Calendar and Specialties Co., president of Nesbitt Realty, and editor of the famous old *Farmer's Almanac*.

Though business consumes much of his time, he is busy promoting the Faith. He founded the Nocturnal Adoration Society in New Jersey and, while in the Army, also in Rockhampton, Australia. He is an active member of the First Friday Club, Holy Name Society, and Knights of Columbus. He is also the director of Notre Dame Alumni activities in his native state.



People



*He didn't say another word, but
I know what he was thinking*

Right up there with the Runt

As he picked up the easy money, greater
riches were slipping through Corky's fingers

by **GORDON RAMSEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM DUNN

OH BOY, oh boy, oh boy! The April sky was blue over Webber's Shipyard, the sun shone warm and bright, and me, I felt great. You're on top of the world in clover up to your knees, Corky my boy, I was saying to myself as I strolled free and easy toward the coffee stand at the head of the ways. No aches, no pains, no troubles with a dame, and a good future with plenty of fast bucks in it for me if I worked my points.

Points are what I was working.

Take my job, for instance. Charlie Webber, who owned the shipyard, was building a passenger ship for a private company. He worried and he sweat. He hired riggers, shipfitters, crane operators, riveters, and welders. Some of them worried, all of them sweat. He hired me as an apprentice welder, and all I had in my hand was a small bucket of welding rods. It hung light and easy from my fingers, and there was no way to check up on how long it took for me to carry it from the stock room to the ship.

Sing, Corky. Laugh. You've got the softest job in the yard.

And I had a good racket on the side. Hear the money jingling in my overalls pocket? That's dough I picked up in the stockroom and 10 per cent of it was mine. See the ten-o'clock gang crowded around the coffee stand, stalling with their empty cups? The gang was waiting for me.

"Hi, Corky!"

"Hi-ya, suckers!"

"What's your hot tip for today, Corky?"

"Save your money," I breezed. "Don't ever bet on the horses." That got a howl, coming from me. "I don't fix the races," I went on, taking out my little black book. "All I do is pick up the bets."

"Trojan in the fifth, Corky—across the board."

"Sweet Mama for me—right on the nose."

"Big Admiral to place, Corky. I figure this filly to win, but I'm betting it safe."

I took their bets and they forked over their dough. It was just like Mr. Randolph said it would be when he offered me this chance to be his runner inside the yard. "Those shipbuilding boys have plenty of bucks, Corky," he said. "They'll bet on anything with four legs and a tail. And they'll love you for giving them the chance."

How right you are, Mr. Randolph. How right you are.

That was a week ago, in Mary's Cafeteria, just outside the gate. Me, I was just another kid on his first job, being sent by wise guys for buckets of steam and glass hammers—and going. Nobody knew me by name except Jim, the full-fledged welder who was breaking me in. Now everybody in the shipyard called me Corky, asked my advice, and gave me their hard-earned shekels.

"You still on the big job, Corky?" the counterman asked as he set out my coffee.

I nodded.

"Think they'll launch her on time tomorrow morning?"

"Couldn't prove it by me," I quipped.

The counterman looked over at the hull of the passenger liner sitting on the ways. Job 151. The "Legionnaire." I guess he'd watched it from the time it was just a long piece of steel lying flat along the keelblocks. "I don't think they'll have her ready, not even with tonight's overtime," the counterman said, shaking his head.

Funny how some of the shipyard boys worried about the work. They seemed to worry more than Charlie Webber himself. My boss Jim is one of the worriers, and sometimes he strikes me as being just plain dumb.

"What horse is Jim on, Corky?" somebody asked.

"The work horse," I answered, and everybody laughed.

I took a lot more bets, and I kept feeling of the money in my pockets as I went back aboard the "Legionnaire." A band inside of me was playing a tune, and I let it. Mr. Randolph has been hinting at something bigger for me, and today I think he is going to offer me 20 per cent of the take instead of the ten I've been getting. I felt good, and the closer I got to where Jim was welding the better I felt. He makes money the hard way, and, as Mr. Randolph says, what's the sense in doing something hard when there's an easier way just as good.

All the other welders were on flat work and were pacing it slow, but not Jim. Oh, no. Jim was jammed into a tight corner, bent over backward like a bow, welding a tough joint over his head. The sparks from the blue-white arc fell against him in redhot showers and bounced off his stiff, gritty overalls.

Me, I picked up where I left off before going for the rods. Jim plugs along so steady that sometimes he doesn't know whether I'm there with him or not. But at the end of the pass he killed the arc and pushed back his shield with his leather gloves. His face was sweaty and streaked with grime.

"What took you so long, Corky?"

"I stopped off for coffee," I told him.

He kept looking at me as he fitted a new rod to his tongs. His gray eyes were keen and piercing and I had to look somewhere else.

"I know all about you and your stopping off for coffee," he said finally. "You're picking up bets on the bang-tails."

"Okay, so I'm picking up bets," I flung out at him. "Is there anything wrong with making a few fast bucks for myself?"

"I don't like to hear you talk that way, Corky," he answered.

"You started it," I said.

FOR MAGDALEN

by **SISTER MARY ENDA, R. S. M.**

*You climb a hill when others turn to flee;
You kneel before a throne of shame. You dare
To catch the life-stream flowing down a Tree
From nail-shod Feet, once dried with your own hair.*

*Your pace the Sabbath night in restless grief.
Before the sun has cleft the clouds of morn,
With oil and balm, you seek a last relief
For grieving love that from its Love is torn.*

*You think all hope is dead when at the tomb
You find not Love, but angels standing there.
You weep; but light dispels your deep-set gloom,
And Mary rings in chimes upon the air.*

Jim turned away. "Shift to the next overhead," he told me.

I shifted his line. Jim worked hard and steady the rest of the morning; and me, I had to move fast just to keep his line clear, watch for fires, and wirebrush the seams after they'd cooled off. He didn't say another word, but I knew what he was thinking. He was wishing I'd take more of an interest in my work. "Welding is a good thing to have in your hands, Corky," he was always telling me. "It's a craft, and it pays big money. Be smart, Corky."

MAYBE he's right. A fellow should take an interest in his work, but it's got to be the right work, hasn't it? A fellow's got to feel good while he's doing it, and he's got to get a kick out of what it looks like when it's done. Why should anyone take an interest in choking himself to death behind a welder's shield? Why should anyone take an interest in burning out his eyes with a white-hot arc?

I kept feeling the money in my pocket and thinking about Mr. Randolph in Mary's Cafeteria, sitting under a cool fan in a clean white shirt and smoking a fifty-cent cigar. Sure, Corky, be smart, I kept thinking.

The whistle blew for noon and I knocked off, hot and sticky. At the gate Long Shot was waiting for me, as usual. Long Shot was a dumb riveter who always played one horse a day. This time it was Topsy in the eighth, a fifty-to-one chance. Long Shot's hands were big, and his knuckles stood out like doorknobs with lots of hair. I didn't like the way he talked to me. He was always bellyaching because he never seemed to win, and it made me sore the way he kept hinting that me and Mr. Randolph were crooks.

At the cafeteria Mary certainly knew how to handle the shipyard workers as they passed the cash register. She looked at their tray, took their money,

handed back their change, and tossed out a big smile—all in five seconds flat. Mary had blonde hair. It was thick and creamy, and it brushed her shoulders when she turned her head to look down at my tray.

"Sixty cents," she said.

I flashed my roll of folding money and tossed her a dollar. "Keep the change," I quipped.

She handed me forty cents in change and made me take it. Jim was right behind me in the line, big and solid, just living for the moment when Mary would turn to him.

"Hello, Jim."

"Hello, Mary."

"How's the 'Legionnaire,' Jim? Will it launch on time?"

"Maybe," Jim said. "There's overtime tonight, Mary. I'll have to break that movie date."

"I don't mind, Jim. We can go on Saturday, can't we? And maybe take in a dance afterwards."

"It's a date, Mary."

Jim picked up his tray and found a table from where he could look over at Mary once in a while and give her a slow, serious smile. From where I sat I could see Mr. Randolph at one of the back tables. His iron-gray hair was parted neatly on the side, and he looked clean and cool. No grime, no sweat—but just the same he rode around in a new car and lived in a suite of rooms in the best hotel in town. He always paid off the same odds as at the track, and the shipyard workers trusted him.

I ate my lunch quick and went back to see him.

"Hi-ya, Mr. Randolph."

"Sit down, Corky." Mr. Randolph was always the perfect gentleman. He treated me like a king. It gave me a good feeling just to be with him. "Got anything today, Corky?"

"That I have, Mr. Randolph."

I counted out the dough and handed

him my book. He checked the bets and slipped me five bucks.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Randolph." Five bucks, just for moseying around the shipyard picking up bets! "Got any hot tips, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sure. Save your money. Don't ever bet on the ponies," he said.

I laughed. "Long Shot thinks Topsy will win in the eighth."

"Long Shot's crazy." Mr. Randolph wasn't worried about Long Shot. "I won't even cover that when The Runt calls in for instructions," he said.

The Runt worked for Mr. Randolph too. Three years ago he had nothing but a job, just like I've got now. Then he met Mr. Randolph, and today The Runt is right up there with the money. He picks up in the downtown business section every morning and gets to meet all the best people. In the afternoon he goes to the track, where his job is to place last-minute bets at the parimutuel windows to cover possible long shots or to take care of a heavy run on any one horse. Once in a while he lays down a big juicy bet for himself.

Mr. Randolph clasped his hands behind his head and tilted back his chair. "You know something, Corky? I like the way you work." His eyes went like slits and he studied me close. "I like the way you go after things."

I kept still and waited.

"Up until now, Corky," Mr. Randolph went on, "I've been carrying my office around in my hat. But now I got other arrangements. I can tell by the way the money's rolling in that there's a good thing around here, so I'm expanding."

"I'm glad, Mr. Randolph."

"I need somebody else at the track, Corky," he said finally. "How would you like to go in with me full time?"

"You mean—quit the shipyard?"

"Why not?" Mr. Randolph put both hands on the table and lowered his voice. "I'll team you up with The Runt. I'll put you right up there with him. He was only a helper in a machine shop when I found him, and look at him now."

BOY, oh boy, oh boy! I could see myself at the track, watching the races. The horses are in the paddock. They're at the post. They're off! I could see myself at the window, collecting my own winnings on one of The Runt's hot tips.

Take it easy, Corky, I said to myself. Don't let Mr. Randolph see how surprised and excited you are.

I put both hands on the table, tilted back my chair, and made my eyes go like slits. "What's in it for me, Mr. Randolph?"

He laughed. "See what I mean, Corky? That's why I like you. You're practical. How about an even hundred?"

"You mean, a week?"

"I don't mean a month," he said. "I'm not paying shipyard wages, not for a bright young fellow like you." He was studying me some more. "You don't have to decide right now, Corky. Think it over." When I got up to leave, he added, "But I'm counting on you, Corky. You're too smart to pass up a chance like this."

"Thanks, Mr. Randolph."

"LET me know tomorrow," he said. "In the meantime come this afternoon and help me pay off. I'll put you wise to the new setup."

Jim worked me hard all afternoon on the "Legionnaire," but the more we did to get her ready to launch the more there was to do. I couldn't stop thinking about that hundred bucks a week. A hundred bucks is a lot of dough. My father had been a cabinetmaker and he had turned out beautiful furniture by hand, but he had never made as much as a hundred bucks a week in his whole life! Even Jim didn't make a hundred a week, not even with overtime.

I knocked off as soon as the whistle blew and looked back at what Jim and I had done that afternoon. All the welds were flat and smooth. They looked good. I hurried back to Mary's Cafeteria to help Mr. Randolph pay off the day's winners, if any.

Mr. Randolph had a wonderful new setup. He had fixed up the small room between the cafeteria proper and Mary's inside office. Everything was open and aboveboard. He had a table, a telephone, and a portable radio which was tuned to the station broadcasting the races. Another radio in the cafeteria was tuned to the same station. The horses were at the post for the seventh race when I opened the door, and Mr. Randolph was making out a list of the winners so far.

"Mr. Randolph . . ."

"What's the trouble, Corky?"

"About that hundred bucks . . ."

He looked up. "What about 'em?"

"Why so much? I mean, what could I do that would be worth it?"

"For crying out loud!" Mr. Randolph leaned back in his chair and had a good laugh. "Why, that's nothing, Corky. It's only a start." He touched one finger to his forehead. "It's up here that does it, see? When I find somebody who's got it, I'm willing to shell out to get him on my side. You're not too proud to be paid for being smart, are you, Corky?"

It made me feel better, just to hear the way he talked to me. When he was ready to pay off, I opened the door and the winners rushed in from the cafeteria. They shook hands with me, slapped me on the back, and kept telling me how they knew their horse was going to win. I looked good sitting there beside Mr. Randolph. He let me count out the money. I felt like a big-shot banker.

The seventh race came in while we were dealing out the dough, and the last guy in line felt so good he tossed me a quarter. "Buy yourself some beer," he said. I felt funny, and my face got warm. Mr. Randolph just laughed. "Don't be so proud," he said.

I slipped the quarter in my pocket, and then I saw Mary standing in front of the pay-off table. Her lips were drawn tight. There was trouble in her eyes as she stood there waiting for Mr. Randolph to look up at her.

I broke the ice. "Hi-ya, sugar. What horse were you on?"

"I wasn't on any horse," she said. She turned to Mr. Randolph. "Will you come into the office, Mr. Randolph?"

"Now?"

"Now," Mary said.

Mr. Randolph shrugged, put away his money, and followed Mary into her office. Holy Mackerel! Through the open door I saw Jim standing near the desk, his fists doubled up and a fighting look in his eyes. Then the door was closed from the inside, but the transom was open and I could hear everything that was said.

Mr. Randolph said, "What is this—a holdup?"

"No, Mr. Randolph," Mary's voice answered. "It's just that I want to withdraw your option."

"What's wrong? Don't you want to sell?"

"Yes, but you don't want to buy," Mary said.

"Oh, so that's it."

Then Mr. Randolph and Jim began to argue. I couldn't hear perfectly any more, because the eighth race had started at the track and the radio announcer was plugging it loud and hard, as if it was the most exciting race of the day. But from what I did hear I gathered that Mr. Randolph had paid Mary ninety dollars for a three-month's option on the cafeteria, during which time nobody else could buy it and he had the right to watch the business to see if it was worth buying. Mary didn't know until yesterday that he was using the cafeteria as a front for bookmaking.

"Here's your ninety bucks," I heard Jim say. "Take it and scram."

"Supposing I don't," Mr. Randolph said.

That was as much as I heard, because just then somebody began to pound on the door leading in from the cafeteria. I opened the door and Long Shot rushed in and grabbed me by both arms. His eyes were wild.

"I won! I won!" he was yelling.

"Topsy came in, forty-seven to one!"

"Get your big paws off me," I said.

I tried to twist free, but Long Shot hung on tight. "I won!" he yelled again.

"Okay, so you won. What do you expect me to do?"

"C'mon, c'mon. Pay off."

"Who—me?"

"Yes, you. You took the bet, didn't you?"

"You've got the wrong guy," I told him. "Mr. Randolph pays off, not me."

Long Shot's right fist came up out of nowhere and hit me in the eye. I fell back against the wall. I tried to reach the door to Mary's office, but the hairy knuckles of Long Shot's left

Looking Ahead

▲ They were getting along in years and now spent their evenings rocking contentedly in front of the warm fire. One evening the old man noticed that his wife looked unusually pensive.

"A penny for your thoughts," he inquired playfully.

"I was just thinking about how happy we've been these many years," the woman explained, "but that the time will come when one of us will have to go."

"That's right," her husband agreed, "but don't be worrying about it now, Mother."

"I'm not really worrying," his wife replied, "but I was thinking that when it does happen I would like to go to California to live."

—Stan Blake



hand cracked into my jaw. My knees buckled. I saw stars. The room began to rock, and all of a sudden the floor came up and smacked me square in the face. And that's all I remembered.

When I opened my eyes again Mary was bending over me, waving a bottle of smelling salts in front of my nose.

"Feel all right, Corky?"

I groaned and pushed away her hand. My head ached. My jaw was sore. Mary soaked a cloth in ice water and held it gently against my right eye.

"I'm sorry this had to happen, Corky," she said. "Mr. Randolph was getting me into trouble, and I just had to ask Jim for help. I hope you're not sore at us."

"No, I'm not sore."

But I was, plenty. I was sore at her, I was sore at Jim, and I was sore at Long Shot for being so ignorant. I pushed the cloth away from my eye and pulled myself to my feet. I had to hang on to the edge of the table until my head stopped spinning.

Mary followed me to the door of the cafeteria. "Jim says to come in for over-time, if you feel all right."

"Thanks, Mary," I said.

But what did I care what Jim said. I sneaked to my rooming house by the back streets and threw myself on the bed. I felt awful. I kept thinking about Mr. Randolph and that hundred bucks a week. It was gone now, and so was my job at the shipyard. I couldn't face the gang down there, not with my black eye, not after what had happened. I kept a cold compress to my eye all night, getting up once in a while to wet the cloth and look in the mirror. The swelling seemed to be going down, but in the morning I found out different. I found out my eye was closed. I couldn't see a thing with it and could hardly bear to touch it, it was so soft and puffy.

When I left the rooming house about nine o'clock, I was surprised to see The Runt standing in a doorway on the other side of the street. He had some tip sheets in his hand and he was studying them. He stuffed them into his pocket when he saw me and crossed over.

"Hi, there, one-eye," he said from the side of his mouth. He saw I didn't like it. "It happens dat way sometimes," he went on, "but I got good news. Th' boss don't hold nuttin' against yuh on account of what happened, an' it's still all right wid him what he told yuh about yestuddy. He wants t'see yuh. Whaddaya say—comin'?"

"They owe me a week's wages at the shipyard," I said. "I'm going down to collect."

"Chicken feed," The Runt said.

He walked with a spring to his step. He kept looking back as if he was afraid we were being followed.

"You won't lose nuttin' by tyin' up wid th' boss," The Runt went on. "I been wid him t'ree years now. He's a right guy."

The Runt was wearing a striped suit with big lapels and lots of padding in the shoulders. He was sporting a hand-painted tie with a diamond stickpin in it shaped like a horseshoe. The guard at the shipyard gate gave him a fishy



Foolish Question

▲ The crack of bat against ball and the shouts of the boys in the corner lot rang in the salesman's ears as he mounted the steps of a suburban house. There was no answer to his ring, but the sounds of a violin could be heard inside the house. The salesman peered through the screen door and saw a scowling youngster painfully practicing his violin lessons.

"Sonny," he inquired politely, "is your mother at home?"

The boy stopped the music long enough to inquire sarcastically:

"Mister, what do *you* think?"
(Mrs.) Margaret Crowley

look and I got mad. "He's with me," I said. "He's a friend of mine."

"Okay, Corky."

Guards get about forty-five a week. They can't afford hand-painted neckties.

From the top of the outside steps leading to the paymaster's office on the second floor I could look down over the shipyard. I could see the "Legionnaire"—and, Holy Cow, she was being launched! There was a big crowd on the platform in front of her bow, and I could see a good-looking dame with a bottle of champagne in her hand, all ready to swing it. It broke into a thousand pieces against the "Legionnaire's" nose. Whistles blew, a brass band started to play "Columbia, the Gem

of the Ocean," and the ship began to slide down the ways. It was the first launching I'd ever seen outside of the newsreels, and I never thought it would look so good. The "Legionnaire" hit the water. They checked her with drag chains, and then tugs went alongside and began pushing her toward the out-fitting dock.

"That's the 'Legionnaire'," I told The Runt. "That's the ship I worked on."

"So what," he said.

"So let's go down and watch her dock," I answered.

"Fer cryin' out loud," The Runt said.

Jim was standing at the foot of the big crane, smoking a cigarette. He was pulling on it with long, slow draws.

"Outfitting time's been cut fourteen days, with a big bonus for us if we do it," somebody said. "Think we can do it, Jim?"

"We can do it," Jim said.

He tossed away the half-smoked cigarette, and I saw where it landed. Jim spread his feet and put one hand to his eyes to shade them from the morning sun. I saw The Runt edge over to the cigarette butt, and when he thought nobody was looking he reached down and picked it up.

"Let's get goin'," he said. He was holding his hand in front of the butt while he sneaked a couple of puffs. "The boss'll be waitin'."

"Go ahead, if you're in such a hurry," I said. I couldn't look at him. I just couldn't look at a guy in a good suit and a hand-painted tie with a diamond stickpin who had a butt in his hand he'd just picked up from the ground. "Nobody's stopping you, Runt," I told him.

"Yeah, but . . ."

I clenched my fists. "Listen, punk—you'd better scram," I said. And honest, that's all I had to say. I didn't have to raise my voice. I didn't even have to lift up my hands. I saw the yellow jitters come into his eyes. I saw how afraid he was. He just went pale—and scrambled.

Jim was laughing at me when I turned around. Not a mean laugh or a sarcastic one. But friendly. I laughed too. I spread my feet and put one hand up to shade my good eye from the morning sun. The "Legionnaire" was alongside the outfitting dock now. They were putting out the gangplank for the workers to go aboard. They were all talking about the bonus. They were all wondering if they could get the "Legionnaire" finished fourteen days ahead of time. Me, as soon as I could, I picked up Jim's welding tongs without his telling me to and trotted up the gangway ahead of him.

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

JUBILEE TRAIL

By Gwen Bristow.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

564 pages.

\$3.00



Gwen Bristow

Miss Gwen Bristow here presents a treasure chest packed so richly and tightly that, long after one has removed the excelsior, so to speak, one keeps finding items almost overlooked. Even up to the last of the almost six hundred pages, the reader comes on some incident or anecdote that either furnishes a new angle on what is by now an old story or gives a familiar character a new dimension. Which leads one to the conclusion that the author has conceived not so much a plot as a period.

In *Jubilee Trail* Miss Bristow has written a social history of California while it was still under Mexican rule. Miss Bristow, however, is interested in people rather than governments, so her California is the land of the great ranchos and the traders who "commuted" by mule train over the famous trail between California and Santa Fe.

One such trader is Oliver Hale, who came to New York to buy goods for sale and brought back with him not only the goods but a wife. Garnett Cameron was the normal, refined product of contemporary formal social life in New York City's most exclusive circles. She craved adventure, and Oliver Hale promised it. So she married him and undertook the terrifying trip as his bride.

Miss Bristow omits none of the perils and predicaments that could face a girl in those pioneering days, from Indians, scorching deserts, almost impassable mountains, and the more intimate terrors of childbirth, an implacable brother-in-law, and a weak husband. But Garnett apparently cannot only take it but can survive to ask for more. In some elusive way, her character is less convincing than that of Florinda, the superb strumpet, but both are undoubtedly superwomen of their time and type.

Miss Bristow has documented her story admirably even down to the detail of personally tasting the possible ingred-

ients of a contemporary salad, as her publishers assure us. But for one reader at least she has overdone it. One sags slightly under the weight of her erudition and wishes that at times she had forgotten it long enough to give her story more verve.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

DECISION IN GERMANY

By Gen. Lucius Clay.

522 pages.

Doubleday & Co.

\$4.50

General Clay's "personal report on the four crucial years that set the course of future world history" is in many respects a continuation of General Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*. Highly instructive and interesting for the general reader and invaluable for the historian, the book proves that General Clay's reputation for straight thinking, a balanced judgment, and outstanding administrative ability was well deserved. His account of the Berlin blockade and the events preceding it makes it abundantly clear that the "cold war" was planned from the beginning in Moscow. Like General Eisenhower, General Clay tried hard to get along with the Russians. He rather took a liking to Marshal Zhukov and his successor, General Sokolovsky, and was always ready to overcome difficulties by friendly agreement and compromise. But when it became obvious that all good will in the world could not change the Kremlin's plans, General Clay, in one of his "teleconferences" with Washington, advocated firmness: "Conditions are tense. . . . Our troops and British are in hand and can be trusted. We both realize desire of our governments to avoid armed conflict. Nevertheless, we cannot be run over and a firm attitude always induces some risk."

The book throws a great deal of light on Russian strategy and tactics as well as on political developments in Western Germany. It is regrettable, however, that some of the basic problems of educational reconstruction and the role of religion in postwar Germany are brushed over too lightly. General Clay recalls that Protestant and Catholic Church leaders were the first Germans allowed to go abroad. He does not mention, however, the failure of the American and British Military Governments, in the early stages of the occupation, to

grant licenses and make newsprint available for religious youth periodicals, which at that time were desperately needed in the work of re-education, nor the tragic blunders which biased officials on the lower levels made in the licensing of general newspapers and in matters concerning denominational schools and the basic teaching curriculum.

WILLIAM SOLZBACHER.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

By Joyce Cary.

311 pages.

Harper & Bros.

\$3.00



Joyce Cary

The Horse's Mouth is the third volume of a trilogy, following, though independent of, *Herself Surprised* and *To Be A Pilgrim*, which related the life and adventures of Gulley Jimson, artist and rogue. Here we have Gulley's own account of his later years, not bad years either, though the book might be subtitled: *From One Misadventure to Another*.

The story is told with brilliant virtuosity, only now and then degenerating into clap-trap and wisecracking, the overflow of a too exuberant humor and a too fertile brain. Gulley, once created and set going, must be funny at whatever cost to himself or the reader. He is always getting into scrapes and out again, so that the story might very well go on forever. Fortunately, the author is equal to the occasion—he tosses off one picaresque incident after another, all of them funny, all of them well constructed, yet as each one must, at a certain point, be reversed in order not to have the story end too soon, the narrative is likely to become tedious. You begin betting on how many more chances Gulley is to have before he reaches the end, and that takes the life out of any story. The real defect of the narrative is its occasional vulgarity, by which it appears that the author is not so sure of himself after all, for he establishes incidents and character without any real need of vulgarity. I've turned that trick neatly, he seems to be saying, but shall just make certain by giving it an extra twist.

There are bits of homespun wisdom

For Lenten Reading

THE EUCHARIST AND CHRISTIAN LIFE, translated by Most Rev. Aloysius Willinger, C.Ss.R., from the original work by Isidor Cardinal Gonia. Illustrating his theme with an abundance of texts from the Church Fathers and from noted theologians, the author explores the riches of the Eucharistic mine, making a fruitful contribution to the reader's understanding of its social and spiritual significance. April selection of the *Spiritual Book Associates*. 216 pp., \$2.00; paper, \$1.75.

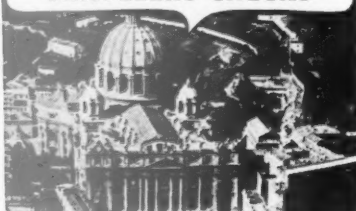
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underlying the rich comedy of the book. Gulley says in essence: Laugh at everything; that keeps you from getting into a state. You can't afford to hold a grievance; that kills you on your feet. At the end he advises his apprentice, "Go love without the help of anything on earth; and that's real horse's meat. A man is more independent that way, when he doesn't expect anything for himself."

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW

By Anthony Standen. 221 pages.
E. P. Dutton Co. \$2.75



A. Standen

Mr. Standen is a smart man, in the sense that he has loads of brains. He is smart also in the sense that he displays his ideas with a cultured suavity; and the ideas gleam and sparkle in their own right. By profession a chemical engineer and encyclopedist, he is familiar with the content and key concepts of the chief branches of science, and with scientific method. It is with scientific method that he concerns himself in *Science Is a Sacred Cow*. In one way or another, scientific method is being overworked in our time, and we all suffer as a result. The scientist needs to be put in his place and kept there. It is a mighty important place, but not nearly so high-hat as public superstition or the posturing of the scientists would suggest. "We are having wool pulled over our eyes if we let ourselves be convinced that scientists, taken as a group, are anything special in the way of brains. They are very ordinary professional men, and all they know is their own trade, just like all other professional men. There are some geniuses among them, just as there are mental giants in any other field of endeavor. There is a good-sized intermediate group, who are fairly intelligent along their own particular line, just as in the population at large there are plenty of people who are fairly intelligent in at least one line. And there is plenty of work, in science, that can be done by people who are stupid." That roughly is Mr. Standen's thesis. His message is an anti-septic with which the public can bathe the bumps and bruises it has received from being irresponsibly dumped on its head by the dolts and dopes of an otherwise respectable profession.

For his message the author will be thanked as heartily by careful scientists as by the public at large. For his urbanity, he should be thanked by everybody. This is the book on science that should be high up on the best-seller listings. But—ironically—is it too good for that?

JEROME COLLINS.

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ANGELIC SHEPHERD: THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS XII

By Most Rev. Jan Olav Smit. 326 pages.
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.50

Particularly designed for the fortunate pilgrim Romeward bound during the Holy Year, this biography gives the heart of what matters most in the reign of the spiritual father of all Catholics: namely, his consistent concern with and constant provision for both the earthly and the eternal needs of his children in every part of the world. That emphasis is achieved (and it accounts for the signal richness and vitality of *Angelic Shepherd*) through the inclusion of generous excerpts from or whole portions of a tremendously varied series of encyclical letters and epistles and of addresses and speeches.

Cumulatively, the book supplies impressive and solid evidence of the gigantic spiritual and intellectual stature of Pius XII. He alone, among world leaders today, offers always a Christ-like charity, a program of moral justice, and a courageous, idealistic, and practical vision of world order and organization that is not circumscribed by materialistic allegiance to petty and jealous nationalisms and statisms. His personal and tangibly expressed interest in the bodily and spiritual welfare of all people exemplifies the transcendental and supranational nature of the Church.

A very readable style, arrangement of materials under such chapter headings as "teacher," "herald of peace," "educator," and "social reformer," chapter references plus a bibliography all contribute to make pleasurable and profitable this work which has been "adapted into English" by James H. Vanderveldt, O.F.M.

Those who are limited to stay-at-home participation in the Holy Year's penances and graces will likewise be inspired and guided through their knowing better this universal *Angelic Shepherd*.

ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER.

THE TOWN AND THE CITY

By John Kerouac. 499 pages.
Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50



John Kerouac

Since into every piece of writing a little bit of the author must go, when it is suggested that Mr. Kerouac's first novel is somewhat autobiographical this need not be taken as a literal interpretation. I am not sufficiently familiar with the details of Mr. Kerouac's life to know where fact separates from fancy.

The Town and the City is the story of the Martin family; of father, mother,

five sons, and three daughters. A family that is sprawling in size and in purpose, a family which never really grows up as a family but which seems to be bent on having interminable and sometimes grotesque growing pains. The reader meets them when the oldest son is but a budding teen-ager and leaves them a few years after the last war, a broken and shattered family whose growing pains tore it asunder. Blustering, likeable George Martin, the father, has just been buried as the story closes. Peter, the son, who might be the author, has gone off into the rain, not any place in particular, just off.

If there is a "hero" it is Peter, the son about whom most of the story revolves. Like the author, Peter was a football star, first in high school in an industrial town in Massachusetts called Galloway (Mr. Kerouac comes from Lowell), then in prep school, and for a time at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Kerouac played at Columbia. There can be little doubt that Mr. Kerouac can write, for there are boyhood scenes every man will recall and be able to live again. However, his technique of shifting points of view often and suddenly is annoying. But that is easily corrected and need not be held against an otherwise very well done first novel.

JAMES BERNARD KELLY.

INNOCENTS AT HOME

By Bob Considine. 208 pages
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. \$2.50



B. Considine

Bob Considine is a familiar figure on the American scene. His readers feel they know him personally, as they know their postman or corner grocer. Now in *Innocents At Home* they can meet Bob Considine's three children and feel they know them as well as any children in the neighborhood. For Bob writes about them—proudly, intimately—as though he were introducing them to the boys at the office or to cronies on the golf links.

Mike, Barry, and Dennis are the "innocents" who romp and jump through—and almost out of—these pages. It's a thoroughly humorous book, from the dedication "For Mil (and the Bureau of Internal Revenue)" to the very finish. And unless you have youngsters of your own to absorb your every moment, this book may set some kind of record for being the fastest book you ever read at one sitting.

In nine chapters and an Apologia (although one really isn't needed), Bob high-lights the life and deeds of the

EASTER EGGS

for children are probably best made of chocolate. For grown-ups we favor the kind made of paper, printers' ink, and attractive bindings—we mean books, of course. The very finest of all Holy Year Easter Eggs of this kind is the **Knox LATIN-ENGLISH MISSAL**. Be sure you see it before you buy a new Missal for yourself or anyone else. It is heavenly to look at and the translation is beautifully clear—as a nun wrote to us: "It is so utterly satisfying that I use it for spiritual reading and meditation as well as at Mass. It is beautifully arranged and so easy to get about in." All bindings are in good leather. It costs \$10 with red edges, \$12 with gold edges, \$15 in morocco, and \$25 in sealskin.

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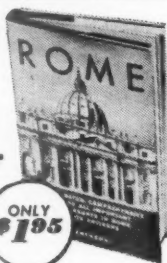
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three boys in the uninhibited days of early childhood. He tells about their friends at school and in Central Park; the fuss when the Considine family travels; what happens when a father tries to buck the local movie theater with his own 16 mm. One of the best pieces of writing, on the serious side, is the letter to the boys from their father on a trip to Berlin for the lifting of the Berlin blockade. As natural as the humor of the book, or as Mike, Barry, and Dennis who inspire it, is the way Bob realizes his religious obligations as a Catholic father: "We're trying to raise our kids with more of a love of God than a fear of Gehenna and points south."

These stories previously appeared in the "Saturday Home Magazine" of the *New York Journal-American*, but they have lost nothing in their retelling. Commendation should go to Harry Devlin for his drawings. They are clever and have caught the spirit of the stories.

PAUL JOSEPH DIGNAN, C.P.

THE WALL

By John Hersey.

632 pages.

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John Hersey, veteran newspaperman, author, and foreign correspondent, is quite adept at portraying the way men act in the face of disaster. His Pulitzer Prize winning *A Bell for Adano* and his more recent and even more stirring *Hiroshima*, 1946, have established him as one of our foremost contemporary writers.

His latest novel, *The Wall*, which is the Book of the Month Club selection for March, devotes 632 pages to another gripping and important segment of recent history. It is the story of the Jews who were enclosed in the nine-foot-high, mortar-constructed and barbed-wire-fringed wall which surrounded the Warsaw Ghetto.

The crust of the novel is historical; the filling is gleaned from the entries in a fictionalized diary of one Noah Levinson, who chronicled the lives, impressions, and attitudes of his friends and associates who lived and suffered together in the shade of German brutality from November 11, 1939, to May, 1943.

There is much excitement, intrigue, suspense, and careful detail in *The Wall*, along with interesting descriptions of Jewish customs and reflections on Jewish history. Hersey's gripping account of the seemingly spotty, but craftily planned and executed subjugation of the Jews under German control is "must" reading for anyone who hopes

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TRUDY HOWARD.

HEAVEN IS SO HIGH

By Rosalie Lieberman. 283 pages.
Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75



R. Lieberman

Speaking of heaven, and in the language of convent girls appropriate to this volume, this is a "heavenly book." Miss Lieberman's convent pictures are delightful and will ring true to those who have ever known the muted humor, the pastel undertones, and veiled grace which are the secret behind convent portals. Miss Lieberman is also able to depict priests with the same authenticity with which she writes of the effluent souls who wear the black veil.

Who, having read of her, will ever forget Sister Innocent, introduced in Miss Lieberman's first chapter—the same who suddenly and inconsequentially starts to grow actual wings beneath her habit? This, much to the alarm and distress of "Reverend Mother." Miracles can upset the well-ordered routine of any convent. They are lovely things to pray for, but what on earth do you do with them, once you have them? Nothing can ever go on again in the same manner.

It is too bad that Sister Innocent does not appear more frequently in this collection of charmed sketches. Her ungovernable wings are remindful of Bruce Marshall's eternally delightful *Father Malachy's Miracle*. A captious critic could wish that the thread holding these sketches together were of stronger fiber. But after all, the thread matches the texture of the sketches themselves, which have a quality of gossamer.

In this collection of thirteen sketches, there is a certain unevenness of quality—but at least five of them are extraordinarily good and worth the time of any reader who has laughed and sighed, in and at, a convent.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

THE PINK HOUSE

By Nelia Gardner White. 311 pages.
The Viking Press. \$3.00

The smoothly turned out heroine of today's fiction gives way here to one who is something of an ugly duckling, as

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the author's facile pen traces Norah Holmes's growth from a shy, awkward seven-year-old to a poised and intelligent young woman ripe for the fulfillment of her romance. All this develops despite the fact that Norah is lame, an orphan, and indifferently treated by the aunt, uncle, and cousins with whom she lives.

Undercurrents of tension, anger, and misplaced affection swirl through *The Pink House*, eddying about the boy Paul and the mother, "Aunt Rose," whose glacial charm covers cupidity and polite cruelty. Norah's metamorphosis is the handiwork of spinster Aunt Poll, whose unorthodox educational methods stem from her own integrity as an artist and a person.

It would be gratifying to be able to endorse *The Pink House* as a pleasant story, well told and somewhat above the usual run of light fiction. It is notably free of the vulgarity and sensationalism which have been consistently palmed off on the public as "powerful" or "vigorous" or "honest"; but it does share some of the more pathetic modern fallacies and distorted values.

The author presents us with a set of characters who, in varying degrees, are confused and uncertain of themselves and their destinies. Yet she gives implicit approval to the fact that they hold to no creed, attend no church. Divorce she treats casually as a symptom of insecurity, a kind of growing pain.

Being a popular novelist with a largely feminine audience, Miss White probably had no more ambitious goal than the writing of an adequate story that would sell well. It probably will, but it is a pity that she and others like her will insist on marring a serviceable work by cluttering it with sentimental platitudes, all the while denying the basic moral values which are the wellspring of drama.

GENEVIEVE W. STEIGER.

PULASKI PLACE

By Ruth Tabrah.
Harper & Bros.

280 pages.
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Ruth Tabrah

This is a light, easy-reading novel which sketches in crude, sure strokes a segment of our population which, according to the author, has not readily assimilated American ways, namely, the Polish Americans. Recoiling from the intolerance and misunderstanding of English-speaking Americans, they have clung the more tenaciously to the language and customs of their fathers. Many of the more courageous and enlightened attempt to hurdle the barriers which separate them from their fellow citizens.

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April, 1950

home on Pulaski Place in the Polish section of Milltown. Steve, who had learned new ways in the army, was the first one from his part of town to seek and receive an appointment on the police force. He yearned to move from Pulaski Place, to find a home for himself and Irene away from the noise, gossip, fighting, and drunkenness which characterized his neighborhood.

The reaction of Benny, Steve's younger brother, to the slings and arrows of fortune was quite different. Fiercely resentful, Benny became a juvenile delinquent and a cause of heartbreak to his decent, hardworking parents. His cheap little love affair with his neighbor, the beautiful Rosie Cuznyar, is told with much detail and no delicacy.

The religious faith in the community is strong but is strangely combined with dark superstition, complete with hexes, charms, and curses. In the background is the mild figure of Father O'Konske, striving vainly to combat the forces of ignorance from within and intolerance from without.

ANNE CYR.

JOHN C. CALHOUN: AMERICAN PORTRAIT

By Margaret L. Coit. 593 pages.
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$5.00

This is a superior work, one that might very well win the Pulitzer Prize as the best biography of 1950.

Miss Coit's scholarly treatment of the private life and political career of one of America's most brilliant statesmen possesses an objectivity which previous Calhoun biographies have sorely lacked. Those by Southerners have tended to be idolatrous; those by Northerners often were acidly critical. In this biography, Calhoun is a human being—wholly magnificent, as in his attacks against President Polk's Mexican War policies, completely petty, as in his childish treatment of Sam Houston. Calhoun in all his brilliant, vexing complexities lives again for the reader in this book.

Years of research have gone into the making of *John C. Calhoun, American Portrait*. For example, the chapters on his youth, his Yale years, and his courtship of Floride reveal much new material. There is an abundance, too, of excellent social history. Miss Coit's treatment of the Charleston and Washington scenes lends color and pace to her main theme. Of especial interest is her treatment of the controversial Peggy Eaton affair.

Calhoun's political career, which comprises the bulk of the work, is ably handled. There is sufficient detail in the text to satisfy the student of political science without proving burdensome to a more casual reader. Thirty-seven pages of carefully annotated footnotes, arranged by chapters at the end of the

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New editions of the Scriptures are justified by the particular character which is featured as an improvement on older ones. The character which is featured in this edition is readability. The print is large and bold, so that the Word of God can be followed with great economy of eyesight.

THE CASE AGAINST THE PAGANS. Volume II. By Arnobius of Sicca. 284 pages. The Newman Press. \$3.25. This is another title in the new translation of the early Christian Fathers. The work has been splendidly done by Professor George McCracken of Drake University.

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THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH. Volume 7. 443 pages. Fathers of the Church, Inc. \$5.00. Volume seven makes an interesting addition in the projected series of seventy-two volumes newly translating the writings of the Fathers. It includes the works of Niceta of Remesiana which have had a highly curious and romantic history in finding their way back to the man who should be rightly credited with them. Sulpicius Severus is also represented, with his *Life of St. Martin* among other of his writings. Vincent of Lerins in his *Commonitories* writes on the purity of the Faith and the right of the real Church of Christ to that name as against heretical institutions which would appropriate it to themselves. Prosper of Aquitaine upholds the correctness of St. Augustine's theology of grace and free will against Cassian.

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LUCK OR DESIGN?

(Continued from Page 26)

the China scene. It was proposed that General Stilwell, who had been transferred to nearby Okinawa, should lead a landing operation in North China, take command of Communist forces there, and provide them with American arms. The project was dropped only because of energetic protest from Stilwell's successor in China, General Wedemeyer.

At about the same time, the Acheson clique in the State Department was reinforced by a number of fire-eating officers of the Foreign Service, whom Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley sent home because of their open maneuvers for crushing the pro-American government of China and enthroning Communism in its place.

Acheson was advanced to Under Secretary of State in August, 1945, and for long periods served as Acting Secretary. As such he was responsible for instructions formulated to guide a mission which President Truman had been persuaded to send to China with the hope of ending its civil war.

The choice of General Marshall as chief of the mission was, to say the least, indelicate. He was the unrepentant sponsor of the very commander, General Stilwell, who had come within an inch, to quote Alsop, of "offering China up to the Communists, like a stuffed bird on a platter." By disarming Nationalist forces, and making it possible for Russia to equip Chinese Communist Armies, General Marshall sealed the fate of a people whose principal error had been too much trust in America.

On resigning as Secretary of State in January, 1949, General Marshall recommended Acheson as his successor. Presumably there was an understanding, formal or tacit, that under Acheson "Stilwellism" would carry on.

That it did so in fact is witnessed by his elevation of pro-Communist hands from China to ace departmental posts, his Chinese White Paper, and his effort—scornfully repulsed by the Chinese Communists themselves—to crown the hostile Peiping regime with American recognition.

Thus stood developments in the Chinese crisis and Hiss affair when the President found it opportune to summon the hydrogen bomb. If that was not the moment for a violent shift of topic, then no occasion of the sort ever happened on earth. There is concrete evidence, moreover, that the design was simply to create a diversion. The AEC was not specifically instructed to manufacture an H-bomb, but only to "continue its work" on the project. Nor was Congress asked for money with which to finance that huge and expensive operation.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

whereas he's a mere propagandist whose "digging" is solely aimed at character assassination. His failure to suggest remedies for the ills he describes demonstrates that he is inherently destructive, never constructive. Thereby he disgraces the word "journalist."

But Father Smith scored a bull's-eye when he said of Pegler: "His extremism alienates many, of honest judgment, . . . who otherwise might be in his corner."

FRED H. GASTON

Alpine, Tex.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Well, I have your latest edition of THE SIGN, and it contains some fine articles including the one by Father Smith on Westbrook Pegler.

I do think, however, that your editorial writer displays a distinctly New Dealish outlook—which is bad. We do not need the New Deal and its works, for has not this philosophy of government brought America to the brink of doom? What about the two world wars that the Democrats led us into in the past thirty years? Is that good? The writer was in one of these wars.

While the writer holds no brief for big business as such or the rugged individualism of the past few decades, he does not think that a swing far to the left is in order for this country. Certainly we need social security, old-age pensions, better treatment for our disabled veterans, etc. There is no necessity to adopt the "Welfare State" or a swing toward totalitarianism.

E. A. NEW

Vineland, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Inside Pegler" and "The Little Red Schoolhouse" indicate very clearly the uphill struggle that we have ahead of us. Statements based on falsehood or prejudice reach millions of people daily, whereas truth reaches only a few.

After reading such articles, all teachers of Sociology, Economics, and allied subjects in a Catholic High School certainly should try to answer the question whether or not they are presenting the social principles of the Papal Encyclicals in a practical way.

Unless we give people a positive approach to Catholic social thought, we are not going to accomplish enough just fighting Communism or Peglerism. Teachers must become as expert in teaching Catholic social principles as others are in teaching against them.

Father Smith has set us an example to be imitated not just to be admired.

BROTHER JUDE ALOYSIUS, F.S.C.
Winona, Minn.

"Let Nothing You Dismay"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I thought the story, "Let Nothing You Dismay," by Brassill Fitzgerald was very good. The illustrations by Harvey Kidder were also especially good and made the

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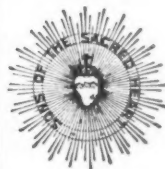
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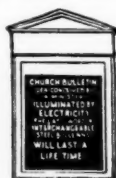
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story even more vivid. Hope we get some more from both of them.

MRS. M. P. PETERS

Rocky Hill, Conn.

The Little Red Schoolhouse

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Not only because I am a lawyer, but also because I do not like to see righteous indignation misapplied, I cannot pass unchallenged the statements made with respect to New York Supreme Court Justices Schirick and Hearn by Mr. Leon Racht in "The Little Red Schoolhouse." I believe that the opinions of these learned men are entitled to more thoughtful consideration than Mr. Racht has apparently given them. Although I do not know either of these Justices, I believe that their opinions express the views of men who are equally as alarmed as Mr. Racht at the degree of Communist infiltration found not only in our public schools but in other important branches of our state and federal governments.

JOHN F. O'CONOR

Larchmont, N. Y.

"Two Very Wise Men"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Two Very Wise Men," by Jim Bishop in the February issue, brought me such glee that I simply must send in congratulations. He ranks in my estimation with Lucile Hasley — and that is no mean praise. Between the two of them, they may convince the world that Catholicism is not a long-faced, prunes and prisms affair but a religion of right good cheer. More power to them!

But what, may I ask, were the Wise Men's wives doing in all this? Why weren't they hounding their husbands to the sacraments on schedule? There is a weak spot here, but I suppose Mr. Bishop felt that this was one time when *cherchez la femme* would kill the story at birth.

Anyway, please give us more such articles; they leave such a pleasant feeling around the funny bone.

E. KEARNS

Montreal, Canada

Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The story, "You Can Have It At Cost," by James A. Dunn in the February issue is a very beautiful portrayal of family life. The love the boy had for his mother would touch any woman's heart. Children of this day who demand an allowance from father's pay check will never know the true values of life as did young Tim Dorsey.

NELLIE FOX

Boone, Iowa

"Letters"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read "Letters" which are so revealing of the minds of my fellow Catholics. Some time ago I wrote a letter myself and through it made two friends — one in Canada and one in Pennsylvania.

These two delightful women—both converts like myself—write me letters which

THE SIGN

have become an inspiration in my rather lonely Catholic life and are proof of God's surprising and generous ways.

MRS. ROBERT B. PORTER
North Easton, Mass.

"Joan of Arc"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I think that your magazine failed dreadfully by omitting from the list of outstanding films for 1949 that of *Joan of Arc*. Some of the pictures you did list were mere skits devoid of any intellectual or esthetic value. Examples: *Come to the Stable* and *The Hasty Heart*.

Why such to-do over a strong Catholic press when the existing one is too weak to defend such a very elemental issue as the discrepancies that exist between an artist's life and her work? If all creative achievement were put under a shroud because of these discrepancies, this world would certainly be less livable.

CECELIA ROSETTI

New Haven, Conn.

Editor's Note: We suggest that you look at *THE SIGN* for January, 1949, where *Joan of Arc* was picked as the outstanding picture of 1948! You may think the Catholic Press very weak, but at least we aren't out of date.

Editorial

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your hewing to the Stalinoid party line in your attitude toward Zionism has done considerable damage to the Catholic-Jewish relations.

Zionism is not anti-Arab. Israelian democracy has freed the uneducated Arabs from caucasian imperialism. The social and economic status of the Arabs who live in Israel is the highest in all of the Arab world. That is why the Stalinoids and the home-grown totalitarians oppose Zionism.

Anti-Zionism is not anti-Semitic. Anti-Semitism is not anti-Catholic. However, an anti-Semite who is a Catholic is not Catholic enough.

God is the judge of who has the rights to Israel. However, if we judge by self-determination, the people from whom Christ came deserve the land where their fathers lived before the Crusaders kicked them out. Pope Innocent III has written amply and truthfully on this subject.

MELVIN N. COHEN

Baltimore, Md.

"The Sign Post"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

When I read the question and answer in the February *Sign Post*, pertaining to the Girl Scouts, I was greatly concerned. As a member of the National Board of the Girl Scouts, and Chairman of their National Catholic Advisory Committee, I felt compelled to look into the matter and, therefore, asked the national staff in the regional office to tell me about the situation.

It is against the national policy of the Girl Scout organization to allow a scout to attend religious services of any faith other than her own without the written

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Editor's note: It often happens that the problems submitted to THE SIGN refer to localities other than the neighborhood of the writer. In this particular case, Port Jefferson is not the problem area.

Disagreement

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps the majority of your readers prefer your magazine with the accent on progress, science, and turmoil in our country and others, but I'll take the homey magazines with their personal aids.

MRS. R. L. SMITH

Hollywood, Fla.

Appreciation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You may be interested in knowing that I was first introduced to THE SIGN ten years ago, while studying at the National University of Ireland. In those days it occupied a prominent place in the library of the University and became my favorite magazine.

With the advent of the war and the moving around I did while in service, I missed THE SIGN very much. That is why, when I finally got the opportunity a year ago, it was a pleasure to again renew my acquaintance with THE SIGN. Yours is a wonderful publication.

JOSEPH A. DOWLING

Steger, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your issues of THE SIGN deserve every word of praise for the very entertaining and informative articles featured in them. I would like to inform you that San Beda students here in Manila are very much interested in your magazine. We never fail to pass around old issues of THE SIGN, nor do we fail to take in new issues.

RODOLFO L. DE LOS REYES

Manila, Philippines

Appeal for Broken Rosaries

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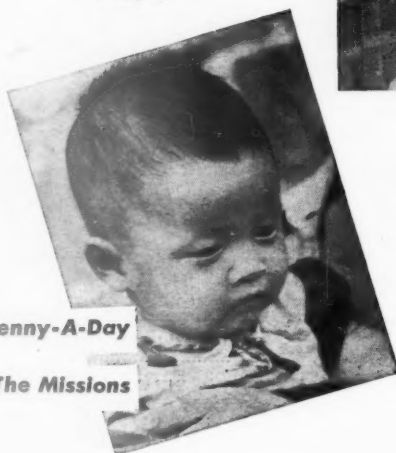
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